

**n. F. Buckley Jr. on
THE AIRLINE CRISIS**
—See page 1360

Vol. 35 No. 21

NATIONAL REVIEW

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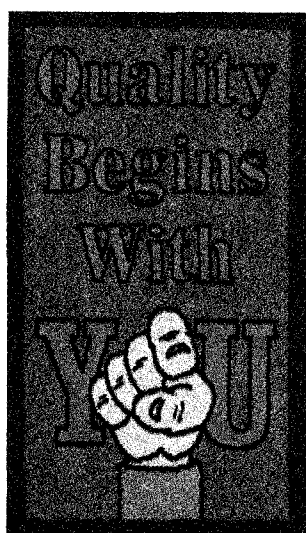
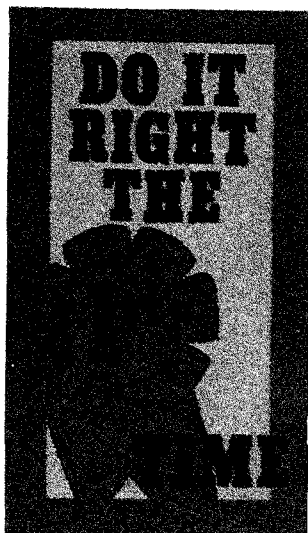
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**IS THERE NEW THOUGHT
ON THE
NUCLEAR STRATEGIC FRONT:**

**Reagan? Kristol?
Delayed Retaliation?**

by J. Bart Gzirr • E. Paul Palmer





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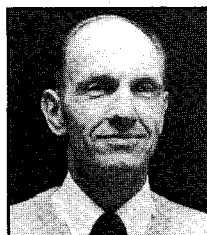
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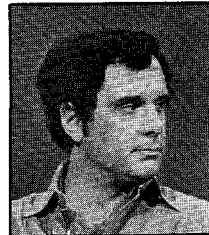
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The Future of Defense

1329 The Strategic Front: Delayed Retaliation and Robotics

Will the wars of the future be fought by robots? Properly programmed, they might do better than hysterical humans; and the risk of accidental war could be totally eliminated. Consider, for example, the merits of delayed retaliation, safer to us, yet just as powerful a deterrent to the Soviets as the present system. *J. Bart Czirr and E. Paul Palmer*

Articles & Columns

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Food is scarce, the money is nearly worthless, the apparatus of repression is in place: Something's got to give in Nicaragua, literacy program or no literacy program. *John McLaughlin*

1328 Predator Nations Out

Whether or not we pull out of the UN, we should think about organizing a different sort of league of nations. A league of *civilized* nations. *Brian Crozier*

1333 Hiroshima 1983

The people try hard not to be bitter about August 6, 1945. But they are. *Michael Novak*

1334 Power Can Be Fun

Sure, all men are created equal. No argument there. But still—there's something rather flattering about walking into a government building and having everyone grovel. Even a libertarian of staunch principle can find it habit-forming. *Doug Bandow*

1339 First Church of Christ Socialist

Not all evangelical Protestants think free societies have a monopoly on virtue. Some would reserve that claim for socialist societies. *Lloyd Billingsley*

1342 Discussing the Here and Now

Meeting in Vancouver, the Mont Pelerin Society diagnosed the flaws of Canada, Chile, feminism, and environmentalism. *John Chamberlain*

Books Arts & Manners

1345 Should we execute murderers? Ernest van den Haag debates John P. Conrad, pleasing without satisfying **Joseph Sobran**. . . . **Ellen Wilson** finds Michael Novak's *Confession of a Catholic* annoying and moving. . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** has warm words for *Double Crossing*, a thriller of Cold War intrigue. . . . Anthony Burgess's new novel is an ambitious, exuberant—well, failure, if you can call so enjoyable a book that. **Thomas Mallon** finds plenty to relish in it. . . . **John Simon** is cool to *The Big Chill*, cooler to *The Draughtsman's Contract*. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** reviews recordings of Bach's sacred (in every way) music. . . . **Richard Brookhiser** meets Moors, boors, and belly dancers. . . . Fiction in the newspapers? **D. Keith Mano** explores the revival of an old practice that had nothing to do with Janet Cooke.

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Letters

Investigative Journalism

"Was the Fix In between Ford and Nixon?" [Oct. 14] has the ring of truth to it, enhanced in my opinion by the rather pedestrian prose in which former Congressman Robert McClory unrolls his story. He was right, I believe, not to engage in a *mano a mano* with Seymour Hersh on aspects of the story with which he wasn't familiar. Hersh's *Atlantic* article, which I read after seeing your piece, was endless. I'd like to see more of this kind of reporting in *NR*.

James Hyde
Roxbury, Conn.

Robert McClory may be right so far as he knows the story, but couldn't there have been a deal between Nixon's men and Ford's men? It's certainly not inconceivable. But don't get me wrong, that doesn't mean I buy the Hersh thesis. He has a record—particularly in his vastly overblown attacks on the CIA, about which I know quite a lot—of being off target a good 80 per cent of the time.

On quite another subject, bravo to Nika Hazelton for a delectable Delectations on ice-cubery in the same issue.

Roberta Stone
Boulder, Colo.

A Popular Pick

Fiorello LaGuardia once covered a blunder by saying that he didn't often make a mistake, but when he did "it was a beaut." This is unquestionably true of *NATIONAL REVIEW*. You are so routinely right (in both senses) that it is all the more glaring when you misread the political tea leaves. Case in point: the astonishing statement ["The Week," Sept. 16] that "Texas Republican leaders doubt that an appealing candidate can be found to replace [Senator Tower]." That is not only a mistake, it's a beaut.

Congressman Phil Gramm had been demonstrating his appeal to Texans for years before he formally entered the political lists. His encyclopedic knowledge of economics plus his polished skill as a platform popularizer of free-market philosophy made him a much-sought-after speaker for many years. It was, in fact, the urging of his audiences of both parties throughout Texas that prompted him to enter the electoral sweepstakes. His first time out, challenging Senator Bentsen in the 1976 Democratic primary, he built statewide support among conservative Texas Democrats.

Two years later Gramm was elected to Congress from the Sixth District. After the election of President Reagan, Gramm became the leader of the Boll Weevils and co-author of the Gramm-Latta bill, the center-

piece of the Reagan Revolution. Tip O'Neill sought to punish him by removing him from key committee assignments. Gramm's response was to switch parties; in a special election, he ran successfully for his seat as a Republican in his overwhelmingly Democratic district. In the course of all this, Gramm became a national figure.

There will be some grumbling, of course, from old-line "country-club Republicans"—recall the parable of the workers who had borne the heat of the day complaining about the generous wages paid to the latecomers—but they will fall in line behind a candidate who is witty and well-informed, shares their basic philosophy, is a tireless and effective campaigner, hates like the dickens to lose and rarely does.

(In the interests of "full disclosure," my firm handled Phil Gramm's campaign to unseat Bentsen in 1976.)

Phil Nicolaides
Washington, D.C.

Qualifications

Cato ["Letter from Washington," Sept. 2] makes two errors in his criticism of the nomination of Ambassador Bennett for Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations. First, one of fact: It is not true that Bennett has not served in the U.S. since 1957. Indeed, he has served in the U.S. for eight years since 1957: successively as faculty advisor at the Air University, Maxwell Air Force Base, 1969-71, and as Deputy U.S. Representative at the UN in New York, 1971-77. The second is an error in evaluation. It is unlikely that Bennett was picked because he was "safe," and could "ride it out" despite his lack of knowledge of the ins and outs of congressional politics. On the contrary, Bennett, as the column points out, has been exposed to congressional politics not only through his impressive record of going through the nomination process but also in his frequent dealing with congressional delegations during his various ambassadorial assignments, including the last one, as U.S. Representative to NATO. Moreover, his broad experience and his "integrity and diplomatic skill," also noted in the column, eminently qualify him to deal with Congress on the substance of policy, which, after all, is important in getting congressional support for Administration policies.

P. Peter Sarros
U.S. Foreign Service Officer
Arlington, Va.

Feminists and Fantasy

Although I have not read Helen Hazen's book (*Endless Rapture: Rape, Romance, and the Female Imagination*), I felt, after read-

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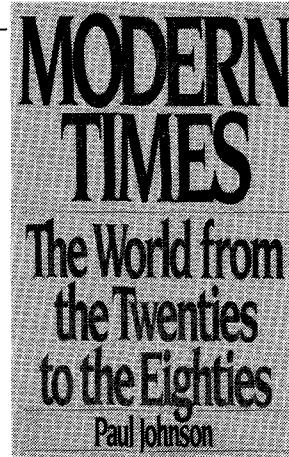
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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson
is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal... He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

History Without Tears

We stick with many a book because it's good for us, because we *ought* to read it. *Modern Times* is a welcome change, compulsively readable. As the snippets above suggest, Paul Johnson is a pleasure to read.

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The awards, in the amount of \$15,000 each, will be presented at a ceremony at The Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Chicago on December 8, 1983. Invitation only.

ing Aram Bakshian's review [Sept. 16], that I had at least a fair understanding of some of its main points: 1) fictive rape is still quite high on the list of favorite female fantasies (a thesis, I might add, that is supported by any number of studies on the psychology of female sexuality), 2) romantic fiction appeals exclusively to women because they are more closely attuned by nature to the “rituals of love,” and 3) feminists tend to dislike romantic fiction because it reflects, first, the appeal of sexual surrender and, second, a mutual dependency between men and women.

Mr. Bakshian's review also left no doubt that, when he referred to the subject of rape, he was referring to “fictive rape,” rape as a female fantasy, “a romantic rape . . . that bears little resemblance to the real crime . . .” It was also quite obvious that, when he wrote that Helen Hazen said “things that I have long suspected,” he was referring to the broad range of her conclusions, not just her discussion of fictive rape.

Then I read an AP story about the extreme dudgeon of Representative Patricia Schroeder and Judy Goldsmith [president of the National Organization for Women] with regard to Bakshian's review: Is rape a “cherished fantasy”? “An outrage,” Miss Goldsmith told the AP. “. . . bizarre, pathetic drivel,” said Representative Schroeder. In a further reasoned response, she added that we might next hear a Reagan speechwriter supporting child abuse and murder. And in a display of journalistic objectivity, the AP discussed only the subject of rape fantasy, adding that “Bakshian makes clear that he applauds Hazen's thesis,” thus limiting Miss Hazen's thesis and Bakshian's agreement to but a single subject.

All this leads me to the following questions:

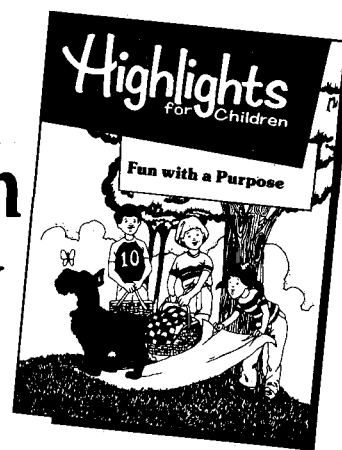
1. Do Mmes. Schroeder and Goldsmith suffer from some form of dyslexia?
2. Do they recognize the right of non-feminist women to have non-feminist-approved sexual and romantic fantasies?
3. Was there any hint of political partisanship in their attack?
4. Are AP writers completely objective?
5. Where does John Glenn stand on the great rape-fantasy debate?

Michael Thompson
San José, Calif.

An Older Ally

I can no longer allow NATIONAL REVIEW to perpetuate an error without at least making an attempt to correct it. In “‘Right On’ on the Campuses” [Sept. 30], Philip Marcus stated: “As recently as two years ago, there were only two alternative campus papers—the *Dartmouth Review* in Hanover and *Counterpoint* at the University of Chicago.” Unfortunately, he ignored the oldest continuously published conservative student newspaper in the country, the *Badger Herald* at the University of Wisconsin.

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It is by conventional standards an extraordinary week—although not an untypical one for Bill Buckley. As John Leonard explains in his *Vanity Fair* review, "When Buckley goes to the theater, the theater he goes to is *Nicholas Nickleby*. When he must change a seating plan for lunch, he

can substitute our ambassador to the United Nations for the Vice President of the United States. When he is about to tape a television program with the governor of Kentucky, the telephone call that interrupts him is from Ronald Reagan. This is life in the fast (right) lane."

Bringing us into conversation with artists, writers, politicians, convicts, family, and friends, *Overdrive* gives us an inside view of one of the few contemporary public figures regularly described as a "Renaissance man." Still, Mr. Leonard asks: "Buck-

ley may be ubiquitous, but why is he necessary?" And immediately answers: "Because he is *not* a dilettante. He isn't tired of *anything*. Buckley is busily serious. Citizenship for most of us is a hobby; for him it is a calling."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. has described Buckley as "a man who has won the decathlon of human existence." In this autobiography of one week, he tells what he does, why he does it—and to an astonishing extent, provides insights into our own lives at the closing years of the century.

OVERDRIVE

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DOUBLEDAY

Portions of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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The *Herald* was founded as a weekly in 1969 during the first wave of conservative student papers that grew out of the radicalism of those times. All the other papers established then died out within a few years. The *Herald*, however, has never missed one of its regularly scheduled issues. After the first three years the paper became entirely self-supporting through advertising sales. Although the paper is roundly disliked by the enormous number of leftists that inhabit the UW campus, it has carved out a respected niche for itself in the UW community.

I have always admired the *Dartmouth Review* for its courage and wit, and it has unquestionably sparked a renaissance in conservative student journalism. However, this should not overshadow the fact that before most of the current crop of conservative student journalists had learned to write, the *Badger Herald* was already carrying on the good fight.

Robert E. A. P. Ritholz
Editor, *Badger Herald*, 1976-77
Chicago, Ill.

A Disarming Film

When they filmed *The Day After* here last year, freezeniks were ecstatic, and the disarmament freaks led us to believe it was designed as a blast against the defense budget. Ironically, KAL 007 has reversed the climate, so now NR hails it as a paean to deterrence ["ABC-TV Backs Deterrence," Sept. 30]. I suggest you look this way on October 12: If the film's preview at Kansas University elicits a like response, any bets on whether ABC-TV will go through with its plan to broadcast it on November 20?

William C. Fletcher
Lawrence, Kan.

The original editorial—intended as an exercise in irony—was misinterpreted by many of our readers owing to the emotional nature of the issue. See the editorial "ABC-TV II," in *"The Week,"* Oct. 14. —ELW

Violent Offenses

There are many flaws in our penal system, and Mr. Spence ["Crime and Punishment," Sept. 16] illuminates the most serious one—light sentences for violent crimes. His statistics regarding the increase in violent crime bear out what I have observed as a probation officer during the past twenty years.

Cruel and unusual punishment is releasing violent offenders to prey upon innocent people. The judiciary must be responsive to the will of the people. And the people want violent offenders removed from society for a long time, or executed if need be.

Here in the Bay Area there is an organized support group called Parents of Murdered Children. Wouldn't it be nice to eliminate the need for such an organization?

Mitchell Capor
Oakland, Calif.

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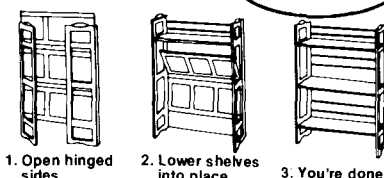
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FOR THE RECORD

■ A short while ago White House strategists believed economic issues would dominate 1984 race, but economic recovery has come on so strong, says White House pollster **Richard Wirthlin**, that foreign policy could share top billing with economy. . . . Biggest question marks on foreign-policy horizon: Lebanon and arms talks with Soviet Union. To protest NATO deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles, Soviets might end all arms negotiations. Among other signs, U.S. officials point to TASS article by Soviet military analyst **Vladimir Bogachev**, which said deployment of missiles "would actually knock the ground from under the talks." . . . When it comes to arms control, Soviets far prefer Democratic presidential contender **John Glenn** over Reagan. *L'Express* notes Soviet press has referred to Glenn as "the eminent politician who is wise enough to include the counts of French and British intermediate-range nuclear missiles among those that are negotiable in Geneva." Soviets also approve, says French magazine, Glenn's position on verification of treaties—he's reportedly not a stickler about on-site inspections. . . . Appearing on Phil Donahue show, **Jimmy Carter** said he had "studied the record of all nuclear talks" and concluded that Soviets "negotiated in good faith." Arms talks are even more crucial now, says Carter, in light of downing of KAL 007 on September 1. . . . Western airline service to Moscow is almost back to normal after October 3 decision by International Federation of Airline Pilots Association, headed by Captain **R. F. Tweedy** of Ireland, to suspend sixty-day ban.

■ "**Mondale** is like a rhinoceros," says **Sergio Bendixen**, campaign manager for **Alan Cranston**. "You must stop him before he gets rolling. That's why we want to get him early." It may already be too late. Mondale easily won straw



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph*

Rothco

"It's one of the seven wonders of the Third World."

polls in Iowa and Maine, and AFL-CIO, as expected, made its support official. Glenn has begun targeting Mondale's connection with special interests. In New York and Iowa, Glenn told audiences that Democrats shouldn't have a party that "can't say no to anyone with a letterhead and a mailing list." . . . Former Florida Governor **Reubin Askew** is odd man out, taking positions unpopular with Democratic hard core. He drew boos and hisses when he told a Des Moines audience that Democratic Party shouldn't exclude those who oppose abortion, the nuclear freeze, and "compulsory unionism." . . . **Richard Viguerie**, publisher and editor of *Conservative Digest*, says departure of **James Watt** marks the passing of "the last true believer" from Reagan Cabinet. But Watt left Interior well-stocked with disciples. "We'll just continue to carry on," says Assistant Interior Secretary **Garrey E. Carruthers**. "We have the management system in place. The team is in place and continuing to operate." . . . Though they disapproved of way Reagan responded to

downing of Korean airliner, leaders of National Conservative Political Action Committee voted 27 to 4 to stay on Reagan bandwagon. **John T. Dolan**, chairman of NCPAC, said Reagan actions in other areas outweigh disappointment over 007. NCPAC plans to kick off \$5-million drive to promote RR's re-election. . . . White House has gotten one key decision out of the way: What to call Reagan re-election committee. After going through 43 possible names, including "President Reagan's Campaign for a Great America" and "Patriots for Reagan," White House decided on: **Reagan-Bush '84**. . . . Though 19 candidates are seeking Georgia congressional seat held by **Larry McDonald**, National Republican Congressional Committee Chairman **Guy Vander Jagt** has already made his choice: **David A. Sellers**, an attorney. Choice wasn't too difficult, as Sellers is only Republican candidate.

■ **Lech Walesa** knows what he's going to do with \$190,000 Nobel Peace Prize. He's donating money to fund for farmers, under auspices of Roman Catholic Church, which will channel Western agricultural aid to individual Polish farmers, thereby avoiding government middlemen. **Jaruzelski** government is reluctant to announce Walesa donation, but it can't refuse it. . . . **Yitzhak Shamir**, newly installed as seventh prime minister of Israel, is tackling what many consider Israel's most serious problem: economy. After all-night debate Shamir government devalued Israeli shekel by 23 per cent; government also halved food subsidies. In foreign-policy move that surprised many, Shamir also invited Soviet Union to resume diplomatic relations.

■ Only in America: Concert trio, Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, October 30, featuring **Emanuel Ax**, **Young-Uck Kim**, **Yo-Yo Ma**.

THE WEEK

■ Even if the proposal were to memorialize Thomas Jefferson with a national holiday, and not Martin Luther King Jr., one would be entitled to ask whether our economy, running at a huge deficit with the rest of the world, could afford it. Run your equations as you will, the result remains steep: a \$2-trillion economy, two hundred work days, \$10 billion "lost" per holiday, \$4 billion tax revenues "lost." It would make sense to substitute MLK Day for one already on the books, as Veterans' Day pre-empted Armistice Day. One thinks immediately of Labor Day, whose name is an appeal to a dwindling faction, few of whose members share the messianic impulse of unionism's founders. The concept of "the worker" as besieged by "the bosses" is pretty much old hat. Let's face it: Labor Day is obsolete, like Armistice Day (which marked the end, in 1918, of the War to End All Wars). MLK Day would be far preferable on the first Monday in September, for undeniably one of Mr. King's central achievements was to open the door to the marketplace for jobs.

■ Somehow, though, it rankles that we should be asked to take the day off to remember a man whose career was built on leisure (the GNP, after all, is not produced by people marching in the streets). Perhaps MLK Day should be celebrated only by the gainfully employed, and all those on welfare should be required to collect their checks as usual.

■ It's going to get a bit thick if we set aside a national high holy day for everyone who has led a subgroup to a place at the national feast. Perhaps we should just lump them all together in a civil-rights version of All Saints Day? Archie Bunker will call it National Black, Woman, Two-Jew, and Cripple Day—but you know Archie.

■ The proposal that the President be granted a line-item veto power over congressional spending bills is gathering momentum. The idea—that the President be empowered to veto individual programs or parts of appropriation bills—is simple in concept, effective in practice, and thoroughly in the American idiom (42 state governors already possess this authority under their state constitutions). To those who resist the idea as an Executive raid on legislative power, let it be said that the President already enjoys the power to veto whole bills, and the power to veto a portion of a bill can hardly be described as greater than the power to kill the whole thing. Second, the President does not have now, and

will not have under the line-item veto, the power to "kill." To veto is to delay and raise the ante; the legislature may always override the Executive, and the final legislative authority therefore always rests where the Constitution establishes it. Should the line-item veto power come to the President through congressional action or a constitutional amendment? The years-long experience with the attempt to pass a tax-limitation amendment suggests that the constitutional approach is unwieldy and perhaps, alas, de facto impossible. The President should ask Congress to write a law giving the Executive the line-item veto power. If Congress refuses, the President has Exhibit One in the 1984 campaign.

■ And the Cynic of the Month award goes to Tip O'Neill, for killing the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration reform bill just as it reached the crucial stage of being reconciled in its Senate and House versions. Tip's first reason was that he sought to prevent Ronald Reagan from scoring a political coup by vetoing it. An odd reason, since Reagan first proposed the legislation two years ago. Tip then admitted the real reason: "It has to be acceptable to the Hispanic Caucus" in Congress. And why was the Hispanic Caucus against it? Because they feared it would encourage discrimination. And indeed it would in some cases, for Simpson-Mazzoli proposed penalties for employers who knowingly hired Hispanics—or any other persons—who happened to be illegal aliens. But how would that encourage general discrimination? Such discrimination arises from racism, does it not? But it is the very eagerness of employers to hire the cheapest labor, regardless of race, creed, or legal status, that exacerbates the problem. The calculus of Hispanic "leaders" would appear to be much cruder: The more Hispanics—the bigger the problem—the more clout and visibility they have. And the more leverage they can exert on Tip O'Neill, who, heaven knows, is leverable enough as it is. *¡For he's un buen compañero!* Meanwhile, the Border Patrol has pinched one million illegals slipping in from Mexico during the last 12 months.

■ The Supreme Court has said prayer in public schools is *strenge verboten* by the Constitution, though Congress's hired dominies and daily orisons are tolerable, perhaps

On This Rock He Stands

Like each Bourbon, who would cling
To the past when he was king
But had nothing new to say
On the doings of his day,
George McGovern plunges on,
Certain, though the pros look wan
And support is paper-thin,
Massachusetts wants him in.

W. H. VON DREELE

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—Irving Kristol

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on the grounds that Congress is beyond the reach of religious urging, and therefore no threat to the Constitution. New Jersey has retaliated by requiring a moment of silence at the start of each day in public schools; the *New York Times* condemns this "sneaky" move toward "enforced piety" (by the bye, piety and silence are not interchangeable; the Constitution nowhere prohibits piety; and what's wrong with piety?); and a federal judge must now decide whether silence is prayer, or prayer silence, or silence piety, or piety religion, or God knows what. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court must now decide whether Pawtucket, Rhode Island, may sponsor a Nativity scene this Chr-stm-s, and the *Times* says the crèche is *streng verboten*, though the tax-subsidized White House Chr-stm-s tree is tolerable, perhaps on the grounds that people who worship conifers are, like Congress, also beyond the reach of religion, and therefore no threat to the Constitution. *Pater, dimitte illis: non enim sciunt quid faciunt.*

■ John (*The Right Stuff*) Glenn has been trying to make himself a public image as today's Lone Eagle—solo hero in the sky, but withal a rock-hard patriot. This in contrast to the lobby-pleasing Mondale types, those Democrats who crawl from one special interest to another. Now Glenn has spoken—in New York—on America's interests in the Middle East, and it transpires that our "foremost" interest is our "unshakable commitment" not only to Israel's "security" but to her "prosperity" as well. ("Prosperity" is a code-word for canceling Israel's mounting debt.) Now if Glenn wants to buy votes by outbidding the competition (sigh), okay, okay. But it gets a little hard to take when he does this act while jutting out his jaw and saying it's all for America's interests. In any case, the Lone Eagle stands exposed as one more Democratic homing pigeon.

■ The Nobel Peace Prize can't add a cubit to Lech Walesa's stature, but it is a milestone of sorts: It marks a new degree of international recognition for this Polish electrician whose father died in a Nazi concentration camp and who has grown up under Soviet-sponsored socialism. The Polish regime, which is investigating Walesa for tax evasion, was less than pleased. Though

the Norwegian Nobel committee praised him in terms of a struggle for peace, freedom, and human rights, all of which is true enough, his real achievement has been to smash utterly the pretensions of Communism to represent workers. It is only three years since Solidarity hit the headlines, and already it is hard to remember the legitimacy Communism once enjoyed in many quarters. Walesa tore off the mask forever.

■ Brazil owes \$90 billion to foreign lenders, Mexico \$80 billion, Argentina \$40 billion. Inflation is running at 175 per cent in Brazil, 500 per cent in Mexico, 1,000 per cent in Argentina. Real wages are down 12 per cent in Brazil since 1980, down 50 per cent in Argentina since 1975. Brazil got some help last spring, tied to its promise to cut out the nonsense, which of course it couldn't cut out. The banks stopped sending lousy money after bad. Brazil is now \$3 billion in arrears on interest payments alone. In Rio there have been food riots and mass rallies voicing their fury at the IMF and the U.S.; in Argentina a national strike closed down the economy for a day of protest. The period of grace for the repayment of the Brazilian debt has lengthened from two and a half years last spring to five years in the current deal (which hasn't been signed and sealed), and one American banker says the numbers are now so big (read: hopeless) that it doesn't matter whether the repayment takes eight years or nine; apparently he thinks the loans worthless. Leonard Silk of the *New York Times*, scarcely a professional alarmist, has finally begun to call a spade a spade, and now wonders in his finance columns whether any of these debts will ever be repaid; and, if not, what will happen to the Western currencies, banking systems, and national economies. A \$12-billion credit was worked out for Brazil at the recent IMF meeting in Washington, but the 66 "lead" banks must enlist the support of the eight hundred lesser banks that have been part of the lending craze up to now. On October 10 Mr. Affonso Celso Pastore, head of Brazil's central bank, was in Hawaii, traveling with a few American bankers, to talk to the hundreds of bankers visiting the Hawaii meeting of the American Bankers Association. He needs the support of two hundred American banks. He and his friends will leave Hawaii and continue their panhandling journey right around the whole world, with six hundred banks to go. Let a few banks say no, and there goes the ballgame.

■ The World Bank, believe it or not, has come out with a study showing that the best way for poor nations to develop is to keep their taxes low. Bank analyst Keith Marsden compared pairs of countries with similar per-capita incomes and found that, for each of ten pairs, the country with the lower tax rate had the higher economic-growth rate. For instance, Malawi (low tax) had a 6 per cent growth rate during the 1970s, while Zaire (high tax) fell back by 1 per cent a year. Cameroon (low tax) grew by 5 per cent, while Liberia (high

These Troubled Times

Do you follow Martin Feldstein
Or are you a Regan man?
Do you face the morning smiling
Or spend hours in the can?
Me, I worry till I chatter
And the chair rungs rattle loose:
So if you ride in the engine,
Look me up in the caboose.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A battle royal is being waged between two titans in the Pentagon, 63-year-old Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Thayer and 41-year-old Navy Secretary John Lehman. In mid-October, Lehman decided to go public with the summer-long Mexican standoff between himself and Thayer, charging that Thayer and other DoD bureaucrats have been conducting anti-Navy "guerrilla warfare" on Capitol Hill, seeking to move \$10 billion from the Navy to the Army, to scuttle the new DDG 51 destroyer program (whose vessels will sell for about a cool \$1 billion each), and to lop \$16 million from the Navy's modified A-6 attack aircraft. Thayer, for his part, argues that the Army has been all but left out of the Reagan administration's military build-up, while the Navy and the Air Force divide up the lion's share of the \$251-billion defense appropriation.

Some Reaganites believe that Thayer is predisposed to favor the Army on two accounts: 1) his ongoing relationship with Carter defense people like Harold Brown, Robert Komer (Carter's Under Secretary of Defense for Policy), and William Perry (Carter's Under Secretary for Research and Engineering), and 2) his career experience as president of the Vought Corp. and then chairman of the parent conglomerate, LTV. President Carter's defense policy, to oversimplify, was to concentrate on Central Europe and let the Navy more or less drift. Vought had been a big supplier of the Lance, the Army's most powerful battlefield support missile and, more recently, the Army's Multiple Launch Rocket System.

Besides having been one of the Army's principal suppliers, Thayer is said by one high-ranking Reaganite to have an axe to grind with the Navy because in 1982, when he was chairman of LTV, Mr. Thayer tried energetically to take over Grumman Aircraft and fell flat on his face. Thayer, it is said, quietly blames the Navy for the failure, and has been working out his resentment ever since by trying to get rid of at least two Navy carriers and, in general, by cutting the fleet down to Carter's size.

Thayer, a Democrat, supported John Connally in 1980, not Ronald Reagan. In 1982, Thayer was head of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and tried unsuccessfully to move that body to support Ronald Reagan's \$99-billion tax hike. Also, in a private meeting with the President, Mr. Thayer suggested that the deficit could be reduced by cutting the defense budget. That remark was duly noted by the press and is widely remembered by conservatives here. In fairness to Mr. Thayer, however, it should be noted that his support for Mr. Reagan's tax hike was prompted by many pressure calls from the White House itself, and that his recommended defense cuts were all in the realm of "red-tape paperwork," not in weaponry or personnel-related outlays.

Cap Weinberger's role in this gamesmanship is crucial, of course. It was not Cap who picked Thayer to fill the job vacated last December by Frank Carlucci. The White House (and John Tower) advanced Thayer's candidacy, wanting another David Packard to fill the vacuum, someone from industry with Packardesque credentials, stature, and strong business acumen.

But after nine months with Thayer, Weinberger is still in the getting-to-know-you phase. Undeniably, he had found Carlucci a more congenial subordinate: They disagreed on almost nothing, habitually sharing the same frictionless view of issues. Unlike Thayer, Carlucci had been in the Pentagon and around for a long time, and was adept at resolving issues through a process of give-and-take.

Paul Thayer is a former CEO of a conglomerate that paid him more than \$1 million annually (plus benefits), so he is used to getting his own way and relies more on confrontation than on compromise. He is a test pilot who still flies advanced jets to make up his own mind as to whether they meet specs.

John Lehman is also an intrepid warrior and jet pilot. Additionally, Lehman knows the Hill intimately (where Thayer is a relative unknown), having lobbied for a couple of years on behalf of Henry Kissinger's National Security Council. Lehman has closer ties to the Californians at the White House than Thayer, and he is the young darling of many conservatives.

Who will win this Mexican standoff? By going public, Lehman has taken the button off his foil, and few doubt that Thayer will do the same. Half facetiously, the two men have been compared to *Star Wars* Jedi, Lehman being Luke Skywalker and Thayer, Darth Vader. "You'll recall what happened in the face-off," notes one highly placed Hill observer who has seen Lehman in action for many years. "Why, I'd be the last person in the world to bet against John Lehman." *Videbimus.* —CATO

tax) grew by 2 per cent, and so on. On average, every time taxes went up by 1 per cent of national product, growth went down by a third of a per cent a year. Nearly half the differences in countries' growth rates were attributable to tax differences. What this strongly suggests is that we would be better off abolishing the foreign-aid program and sending Arthur Laffer and George Gilder on speaking tours abroad. Not for the whole year, though. They're needed back home too.

■ This week—October 15 through 22—West Germany's peaceniks will stage convulsive demonstrations against the emplacement of the cruise and Pershing II missiles. Next month—November 21—the Bundestag votes to approve or reject the American missile plan (it is expected to approve it). James Reston has cast an eye on this double switching point of the Western alliance and written, wonderful to relate, a tough column. "Twice Europe

told us, in 1914 and in 1939, that if only America had committed itself in time to the defense of Western civilization, the two world wars might have been avoided. Now, having committed ourselves, we are being told that the present conflict is merely a struggle for power between two clumsy giants. Nothing could be further from the truth. . . . President Reagan, for the third time, has amended his proposals for a nuclear compromise at Geneva, but so far without anything but a 'nyet' from Moscow, or even a recognition by the leaders of the German peace movement that he tried." It may be that "the most intelligent and idealistic members of our societies cannot tolerate the struggle for anything less than an ideal solution of the nuclear menace. . . . But there is no perfect security. There is only the struggle, with friends at our side, doing the best we can."

■ The Soviet peace mission in Afghanistan has scored

another success. After being hit with one shot from a sniper, a Soviet peace tank machine-gunned an Afghan tea shop, where it thought the sniper might be hiding, leaving fifty noncombatants permanently at peace.

■ William Golding's Nobel Prize for Literature was slightly tarnished when one of the judges broke the traditional silence to say Golding didn't deserve it. Since it's also traditional to give the prize to people who don't deserve it, we don't see what the fuss is about.

■ After receiving a standing ovation at Liberty Baptist College (founder and president: J. Falwell), Senator Edward M. Kennedy delivered a ringing plea for tolerance. Which calls to mind that Falwell recently spoke at Harvard, Teddy's alma mater, where he was nearly attacked, and at Princeton, where he was delayed by a bomb threat. Anyway, Teddy got a *second* standing ovation when he finished. Well, anyone can preach tolerance to the mob at Liberty Baptist. But would Teddy have the guts to give that speech in the Ivy League?

Raising the Economic Issue

The truly infallible indicator that the recession is over is that the Democrats are saying the 1984 election will not be fought on the economic issue. The real voter concern, they say, is foreign policy, or "fairness," or feminism—anything but Reaganomics.

It does seem rather unsporting for the same people who picked the fight to have their choice of weapons too. But you can see why they want voters to forget the economic issue. Inflation is down to 3 per cent from the Carter peak of 14 per cent, and interest rates down to 11 from 21 per cent. Industrial production advanced at a nearly incredible annual rate of 19 per cent last quarter, and 9 per cent for the last year.

Despite the tendency of world economies to rise and fall together, we have been doing much better than our industrial allies. None of the other industrial countries, including Japan and West Germany, is anywhere close to matching our current growth rate. In socialist France and Sweden, to take two notable miscreants, output is still stagnant and inflation is still at 9 to 10 per cent.

You might think the Democrats could exploit the unemployment issue, with joblessness at a historically high 9.3 per cent, although falling fast. But it turns out that they don't expect it to be of much use. A rate of 9.3 per cent on the way up is electorally deadly, because for every person who loses his job two or three others are worried about losing theirs. A rate of 9.3 per cent on the way down is not, because for every person who gets a job two or three others are hopeful.

So politically as well as economically the recession seems to be a thing of the past. While it lasted, it was a very odd recession. Despite its severity, many of the

¿Habla Usted Español?

From a trickle to a roar,
Over fifty thousand more
Cross the border *every day*,
Causing worry and dismay;
Until Congress, playing cop,
Wrote a bill designed to stop
What had been the merest drip,
But they blew it, thanks to Tip.

W. H. VON DREELE

indicators hardly turned negative at all. The number of people employed dropped by just 2 per cent from the 1981 peak to the February 1983 trough. Personal income in constant dollars stayed level from 1981 to 1982 and has risen rather steadily since then. Consumer spending, again in constant dollars, fell by less than 1 per cent. It is no use pretending that the rich were doing all this consumer spending; the personal consumption of the wealthy is still, as it has been for a long time, a tiny sliver of total spending.

Yet at a time when the economy as a whole suffered only a minor setback, there were some highly visible signs of misery around. The church soup kitchens and tent cities arose in the midst of the most generous government food and welfare programs in history, programs that (by simple long division) should have sufficed to feed every hungry mouth ten times over. One theory that has been offered to explain this paradox is that a lot of people "didn't know how to be poor" and found themselves out of money midway through their monthly check. Even so, there is evidence against the idea that a lot of formerly prosperous people were driven over the edge. For example, the rate of delinquency on consumer loans, which one would think would be a sensitive indicator of such difficulties, hardly rose at all during the recession.

High Ground

President Reagan has sent Edward Rowny, his chief negotiator at the START talks, back to Geneva to seek agreement on an innovative approach to achieving arms reduction—the so-called "nuclear build-down." The new proposal essentially calls for each superpower to dismantle two old warheads for each new one added to its arsenal. (The actual build-down ratios are complex, differing according to warhead type.)

The real significance of the proposal lies not in its somewhat arcane content, but in the fact that it originated from an agreement between the President and an influential, bi-partisan group of senators and representatives. Senator Percy accurately described the President's endorsement of the build-down concept as "an historic

moment": It was the first time Congress and the Executive branch had jointly worked out an arms-control proposal.

There had been considerable opposition to the build-down within the Administration, including from Rowny himself, mainly because it amounted to the fourth major shift in the U.S. negotiating position in only seven months. There was understandable concern that the President would be seen as imitating Jimmy Carter's old habits; namely, retreating to successive fallback positions as fast as the Russians could say no. The President wisely overruled the objections. It was not his firmness vis-à-vis the Soviets that was at stake—on that score he enjoys an awesome credibility—but America's all-important re-armament. Not the Kremlin, but Congress, had compelled Reagan to undertake successive modifications of the U.S. negotiating stance, the overriding necessity being to hold together a legislative consensus that would sustain a long-term military buildup. The real arms-control negotiations during the past year all took place in Washington.

By striking a reasonable compromise in adopting a modified version of the build-down, the President in one stroke seized the moral high ground of the "peace issue" from his domestic opponents, and from the Soviets. The resounding endorsement given the new proposal by such middle-of-the-road Democratic heavyweights as Sam Nunn and Les Aspin assures that the President will maintain the support of both Right and Center in Congress; the MX and other threatened programs are more likely to survive the legislative gauntlet. The nuclear-freeze movement will be left shivering in the cold.

With the home front secure for the time being, the venue of negotiations can finally shift to Geneva. For more than two years the Soviet Union has accused the Reagan Administration of "inflexibility" at the bargaining table. The charge was always bogus, but it struck sympathetic chords among liberal circles in the West. Now that the Administration has advanced numerous proposals in less than a year—each designed to meet certain objections raised by the USSR—and the Soviet

Union has summarily rejected all of them—each within 24 hours of its public unveiling—what credibility the Soviets had is eroding. Judging from the U.S. media, there are even people to the left of center on whom it is beginning to dawn, to their astonishment, that the principal source of opposition to an arms agreement is not located in Washington.

Flight 007: Ongoing Politics

"U.S. EXPERTS SAY SOVIET DIDN'T SEE JET WAS CIVILIAN." That was the page-one headline of the October 7 *New York Times*. The story proceeds: "WASHINGTON, Oct. 6—Five weeks after a Soviet fighter shot down a South Korean airliner, United States intelligence experts say they have reviewed all available evidence and found no indication that Soviet air-defense personnel knew before the attack that the target was a commercial plane.

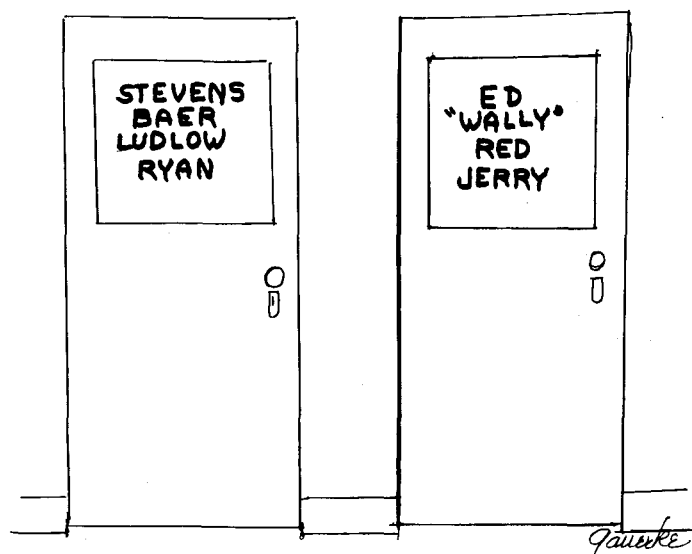
"The informants say that as a result of the review, most American intelligence specialists are now confident the SU-15 fighter that fired the rockets at the 747 on September 1 was below and behind the airliner. . . .

"The experts said in interviews this week that, given the difficulty of identifying a plane from below, they believed that the Soviet pilot probably did not know what kind of plane he was shooting down in Soviet airspace."

This *Times* lead item is worth pondering. During the past five weeks, the Soviet Union has suffered serious political damage over the airliner incident, and its high-priority political goals have been severely damaged as a consequence. The "peace" movement has been embarrassed, for example, Reagan strengthened, the Pershing II deployment made much more likely, and military spending more popular. The *Times*'s airliner story appears, at least to some degree, designed to get the Soviets off the hook politically. The shooting had been, after all, a "mistake" and not "deliberate murder."

But, really, does it to any degree at all excuse the Soviet deed? One approach to all of this is to sift the esoterica. The *Times* headline is both ambiguous and vague: "U.S. Experts . . ." How many, and who, and with what disagreement? None of these things is revealed in the story. And, in the wake of the story, it develops that the "experts" who talked to the *Times* are not seconded by other experts, and the affair remains murky. Thus, according to State Department spokesman Alan Romberg, "We do not have the evidence" to show conclusively that the pilots or controllers knew or did not know what kind of plane they were downing.

But, of course, if the Soviets in fact did not know what kind of plane they were downing, they certainly should have known. No law of international aviation kept the Soviet jets "below and behind" the airliner. These supersonic planes were free to fly up and take a look. Even from "below and behind," the 747 is much



larger than the RC-135 spy plane. And we know from tapes of the Soviet pilots' conversations that the Korean passenger plane was flashing its navigation and strobe lights, not the usual practice for spy planes.

It is difficult not to believe that the *Times* played its story as it did in order—whether consciously or unconsciously—to soften the political impact of the shooting, so that, in turn, we can get on with the serious business of détente and accommodation.

But let us say, just for the sake of argument, that the *Times's* account is correct, and that the Soviets shot the plane down without knowing what it was.

That would hardly exculpate the Soviets. Such behavior would remain brutal, uncivilized, and at variance with international norms of behavior. Ships and planes off course are normally aided, not deliberately destroyed. There is a principle in law that equates a high degree of recklessness with deliberate intent: If you spray a house with bullets, you need not "intend" to kill anyone inside, but if you do you may be indicted for murder. And, even if the *Times's* story is true, the shooting down of KAL 007 remains perfectly in character for a regime that, for example, shoots its own citizens when they try to leave the country.

The Meaning of Watt

Okay, so Jim Watt had to go. You can't keep making yourself the storm center of an Administration as he did and expect to survive. Granted, he was singled out for a lot of attention, and he was nearly always right on the stark merits of whatever case he was embroiled in. The fact remains he was embroiled in one case too many. He always said he expected to be removed when he became a political liability; and the time had come.

Having said that, we marvel at the incredible sancti-

mony of those who currently populate our nation's capital, where venal and lecherous congressmen, always ready to show a little tolerance when one of their own is caught (cf. the remorseless Gerry Studds), fulminate against Watt for committing an offense nobody has yet managed to define. Lowell Weicker, that permanent moral sideshow of the Senate, accused Watt of representing "bigotry and hate" (both of which Weicker opposes).

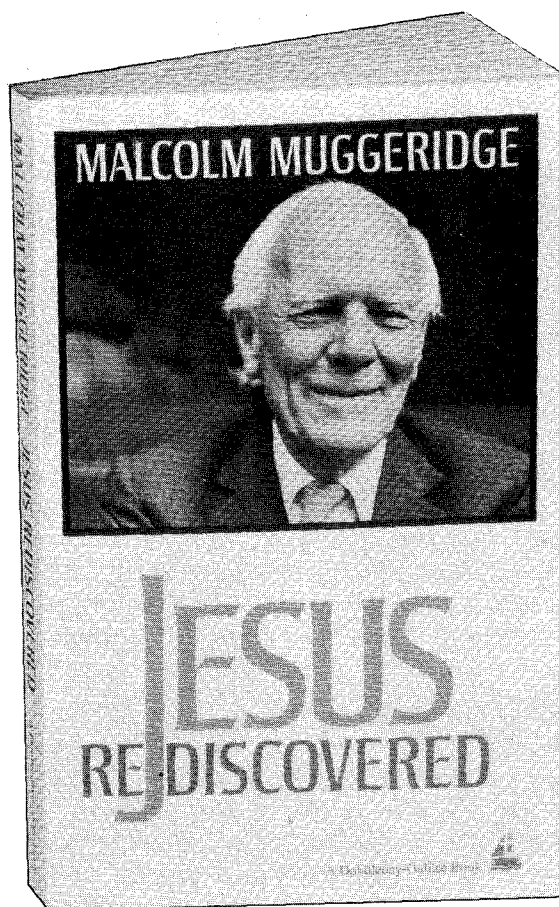
Indeed the reaction to Watt's remark, for which he quickly and profusely apologized, said more about our time than the remark itself. It is hardly too much to say that liberal Washington reacted more strongly to Watt's crack about quotas than it did to the destruction of KAL 007. This time there was no James Reston cautioning us not to over-react, no Bill Plante hinting there might be a second side to the story, no *New York Times* editorial lamenting that James Watt had failed his better self.

In the consensus that Watt will not make a new career as a standup comedian, the serious point of his joke has been strangely overlooked. He was ridiculing the liberal obsession with race, sex, and withered limbs as positive *qualifications* for public roles, whereas not so long ago it was considered on nearly all sides that such traits should be regarded as incidental. Watt was in fact affirming that they *are* incidental, and it was irrational as well as unjust that he should be accused of hating people for what he himself regards as incidental qualities. But of course liberalism is holding on to its power by assuming the privilege of making such accusations—"bigotry," "racism," "insensitivity," "greed," "war on the poor," and so on. If people were required to debate rather than accuse, a deathly silence would descend on Washington.

A deeper point should be made about this affair. Beneath the surface agitation, the alignment of the major parties has changed dramatically. The Republican Party



HERE



IT IS!

**(a book you'll
never forget)**

ONCE in a great while a book comes along that grips you from the opening page and remains with you for good. That happens to be a perfect description of *Jesus Rediscovered*, a most unusual book by the world-famous author Malcolm Muggeridge.

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Jesus Rediscovered is not an especially large book (something over 200 pages) but it covers a lot of ground. In short order you are treated to a unique view of politics, science, technology, ethics, contemporary morality, and, of course, God and religion. On page after page you'll encounter things that will make you pause

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now stands for individualism and expanded opportunity. Watt was suggesting that if you open the door to talent, minority representation will ultimately take care of itself. Meanwhile, in a dramatic departure from their history since the New Deal, the Democrats are attempting to freeze people in tribal identities rather than to usher them into the mainstream. It tells woman and black, Jew and cripple, "You can only succeed as our dependent, through special treatment from us." Watt's enemies may have run him out of town, but they are the ones sending out a losing message.

Becoming a Non-Person

Irving Howe has edited and Harper & Row has now published a valuable collection of essays called *1984 Revisited*, the occasion being the approach of that very year on the calendar, and nothing we say here is meant to detract from the usefulness of this book. In fact, it possesses a usefulness surely not wholly grasped by its editor and his distinguished contributors.

In Orwell's famous satire, one striking feature is the "memory hole," down which inconvenient facts disappear, the past thus being destroyed. One ironic feature of Howe's collection is that it has a memory hole of its own for facts inconvenient to Howe's world view. For one thing, the collection omits Norman Podhoretz's challenging essay that argues with a good deal of plausibility that Orwell, were he alive today, would be a neo-conservative. For another, it omits, almost entirely, the contribution made to *1984* by James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution*.

Burnham is mentioned once, in passing, by Robert Nisbet, the conservative contributor here; but all the other contributors, liberals or socialists of one kind or another, ignore him completely.

Burnham, however, is mentioned frequently in the four-volume *Collected Essays, Journalism, and Letters of George Orwell*. He posed problems with which Orwell wrestled on the relationship between power and ideology, and *The Managerial Revolution* was much on Orwell's mind when he was composing *1984*. For example, Orwell wrote in the British socialist weekly *Tribune* on February 2, 1945: "Already, quite visibly and more or less with the acquiescence of all of us, the world is splitting up into the two or three huge super-states forecast in James Burnham's *Managerial Revolution*. One cannot draw their exact boundaries as yet, but one can see more or less what areas they will comprise. And if the world does settle down into this pattern, it is likely that these vast states will be permanently at war with one another, though it will not necessarily be a very intensive or bloody kind of war. . . ."

Bernard Crick's *Orwell* (1981) is very much aware of Burnham's connection with *1984* and of the debate between Burnham and Orwell about the nature of political power. Could power, as Burnham at least at one

point thought, be its own end, or did it require a "sincere" rationale, as Orwell intermittently believed?

The reason for the memory hole in Howe's collection of essays is obvious. When James Burnham broke with the political Left, and even though he wrote his best books thereafter, he went, for Howe and other true believers, down the memory hole.

This, though interesting in itself, would not be so important were it not part of a larger cultural phenomenon. Irving Howe, though an estimable intellectual, remains, and desires to remain, on the political fringe. The founder and editor of *Dissent* magazine, he is an avowed socialist. But the kind of memory hole exhibited in Howe's volume exists in mainstream culture as well. When James Burnham moved to the political Right, he was no longer invited to review books for the usual weeklies and quarterlies. He was not asked to review for the *New York Times*, and his own books were treated cursorily there. He was not in demand on the talk shows. Irving Howe's review of *The Suicide of the West* in *The New York Review of Books* dripped with, well, not intellectual but social condescension.

For Left intellectuals, conservative intellectuals—even major figures like James Burnham—do not exist.

O'Brien lives.

Happy Birthdays

Two important anniversaries were celebrated in Washington over the first weekend in October: the thirtieth anniversary of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, and the tenth anniversary of the Heritage Foundation. The ISI has principally addressed itself to students since its founding by Frank Chodorov, and for a quarter-century it has been guided by Victor Milione. At a spirited dinner, three hundred guests were addressed by William F. Buckley Jr. (the ISI's first president), Heritage president Edwin Feulner, Senator John East, and Representative Philip Crane. Nobody in town has got a bigger bang for the buck than the ISI.

The following Monday, Heritage celebrated with 1,200 guests at a dinner (paid for anonymously). The guest of honor was the President of the United States, who gave a speech (see p. 1325) that almost made up for the trauma of 007.

The Heritage Foundation is like the duck-billed platypus—for generations an absolutely unthinkable creature: a conservative think-tank, directly oriented to pending political issues. Heritage, founded by Ed Feulner, has brought out a dozen books, monographs, and nine collections of the Heritage Lectures, has a staff of one hundred researchers and its own building at 214 Massachusetts Avenue, is non-dogmatic in its policy recommendations, listens to all who have something interesting to say, and would very much appreciate \$10 million, if you have anything left over after tending to the needs of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Just the Best, That's All

Goethe spoke of *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit*, poetry and truth. President Reagan's October 3 address to the Heritage Foundation banquet had both, and indeed fused them. Here are his opening remarks, just a sample, and isn't it something to have a President who talks this way?

"Thank you all very much. It's wonderful for Nancy and me to be here tonight and see old friends like Joe Coors. Actually, I was a little surprised by the warmth of Joe's introduction. I'm not sure how many of you know this, but there's a certain coolness between Joe and me tonight—I guess maybe that's my fault. When I arrived at the reception here I said, 'Joe, it's been a long, hard day in the Oval Office, but now it's Miller time.' [Laughter and applause.]

"That's when he showed me his Mondale button. [Laughter.] Seriously, though, where are those Democratic candidates with their grandiose solutions now that we need them? The America's Cup race, for example. [Laughter.] Now, there was a problem that could have been solved with more money and a lot of wind. [Laughter and applause.]

"And I'm delighted to be here with Heritage. I remember the days when a conservative intellectual was considered a contradiction in terms—you know, like 'thrifty liberal' [laughter], 'modest government,' and 'pennypinching congressmen.' [Laughter.] But it's a great privilege to be here tonight at an extraordinary moment not only in the history of the Heritage Foundation but, I firmly believe, in the intellectual history of the West.

"Historians who seek the real meaning of events in the latter part of the twentieth century must look back on gatherings such as this. They will find among your numbers the leaders of an intellectual revolution that recaptured and renewed the great lessons of Western culture, a revolution that is rallying the democracies to the defense of that culture and to the cause of human freedom, a revolution that I believe is also writing the last sad pages of a bizarre chapter in human history known as Communism. . . ."

Terence Cardinal Cooke, RIP

The killer was leukemia. He revealed that he was critically ill of it in August. Six weeks later the disease had done its work.

Cardinal Cooke had been a priest in New York City for 38 of his 62 years. In an age of exhortations to pastoral attentiveness, he did the work spontaneously and eagerly. The expressions of grief at his death, from Catholic and non-Catholic alike, testify to the impact of his affectionate labors.

For the good of the archdiocese, John Paul II will want another man with those talents in Cooke's place.

For the good of the nation, he will need a man who shares his own views of the world struggle and the obligations of defense. The pastoral letter on nuclear weapons was saved from moral and intellectual disgrace by last-minute intervention by the Vatican. But wouldn't it be good to have some leadership on the spot? (It would be wonderful, while we're at it, to have a highly placed Catholic who knows that productivity must precede redistribution—but that is probably demanding a miracle.) The Archbishop of New York presides over the fourth largest flock in the country, and one of the richest in the world. He is also, by canon law, Military Vicar of the United States. Cardinal Cooke opposed, quietly and mildly, the capers of his pacifist peers. His successor will have to do at least as well.

Notes

&

Asides

■ Bill:

If this column [the writer enclosed WFB's column from the *Washington Post* entitled "The Spirit of George McGovern Lives"] reminds us of anything it is that a man can still get rich publishing a low grade of bull shit. I can't fault your formula for making money on nonsense, but I know of no one who has been so consistently wrong on so many issues as you. Am I really the man who should feel humiliated over '72?

George [McGovern]
Washington, D.C.

[Excerpt from the column in question: "The contest among contestants for the Democratic presidential nomination is establishing two things. The first is that the spirit of George McGovern lives. The second is that primary contests are dominated by the party's ideological activists. It is they who turn out to vote, and it is they who condemn their candidates to such national humiliations as George McGovern suffered in 1972."]

Dear George: 1) The money earned by my column flows to NATIONAL REVIEW, and it is not true that it prospers, though this perhaps is because it publishes a very high grade of fertilizer. 2) I'm unclear about your objection to my having written that you were humiliated in 1972. In my dictionary, under **humiliation**, it reads, "n. Such a fate as befell George McGovern when he ran for President of the United States in 1972 and got the lowest vote in United States history." The next edition of the dictionary may make mention of your race for the Presidency in 1984. 3) I am perfectly willing to acknowledge any mistakes I have myself made on the is-

sues, but I have thought back to college days, when you were voting for Henry Wallace, and I can't remember having made any. Cordially,

Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mangled metaphor of the week, delivered by a distinguished member of Congress on network television: "That's a kettle of worms you wouldn't spread on the public record when you come down to the bottom line."

Sandy Baker
Hernando, Miss.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Certain things in life help to make bleeding a pleasure. Your magazine, obviously, is one of them.

Cordially,
R. Scott Matthews
Sikeston, Mo.



Another successful blood drive

THE BLOOD DRIVE WAS A SUCCESS Friday, as there were 150 pints of blood collected, exactly the number set for the drive's goal. There were 168 people who showed up to give blood, but 18 had to be turned away. In the photo above, donor Scott Matthews passes the time reading the *National Review* while he gives the "gift of life" during Friday's blood drive.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The first few times, I could dismiss it. But now I must speak.

As a pastor, and a recent convert to *NR*, it is my personal desire and pastoral duty to attend to the study of God's Word. My aim is to undertake this task as the initial introduction to each working day. My schedule of study runs, for the most part, unimpeded. But then, to my utter distraction (and eternal damnation?), come the first and third Tuesday of each month, when your dastardly magazine makes its predictably boisterous intru-

sion into my mailbox. Woe is me. I am undone (Isai-ah 6:5a).

I confess, now, before you, your readers, and God, that my Wednesday and Thursday mornings are spent, not in the diligent and meticulous absorption of His Truth, but in the rabid, ravenous, unrestrained devouring of every single line of *NR*. Only then, it seems, after I have exorcised the demon, can I return to my proper spiritual responsibilities.

How does it feel to know you regularly contribute to the delinquency of a born-again Republican?

W. Gary Hayward
Barre, Mass.

Dear Pastor Hayward: We pray we will be forgiven, and are confident we will be. Cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I think you were a little rough on those people who don't read on planes. Let me explain.

My wife, who seldom has time to read at home, spends most of her time catching up on her reading while flying.

On the other hand I, who read two or three books a week plus a half-dozen magazines and two daily papers, have no time to read on a plane.

You see, I am much too busy helping the pilot drive the plane, making sure he keeps the nose up, watching the engines for any signs of smoke, listening for any strange noises, and waving away any oncoming aircraft. If I have any free time I busy myself with inspecting and mending my parachute.

Sincerely,
Archie Salerno
Florham Park, N.J.

■ Memo to: Bill

From: Priscilla

Lacey Washington asked me if I would answer a letter from a college junior in Ohio who had read one issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW*, on the basis of which she accused us of anti-Semitism, racism, Fascism, Nazism, isolationism, sado-masochism, anti-Zionism, reactionaryism, chauvinism, and anti-feminism. What she wanted from us, she said, was "an adequate" response.

I wrote and told her that to try to make any sense out of her letter was, as Al Smith once said of Franklin Roosevelt, "like trying to nail a lemon meringue pie to a wall."

Now she writes to ask if "Roosevelt is *also* on our hate list."

Any suggestions?

Memo to: Priscilla

From: Bill

Pitts: That's easy. The answer is, Yes!

—WFB

Sandinista Headaches

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

MANAGUA. What greets you when you first arrive at the Managua airport is a sign saying that foreigners are required to exchange \$60 into Nicaraguan córdobas to enter the country. This is a tipoff to the country's most alarming vulnerability, economic erosion. The Sandinistas badly need hard currency. The official rate of exchange is ten córdobas to the dollar, but you can get one hundred to the dollar on the black market, and 28 on the legal "parallel" market.

Food is scarce. At the central shopping area, saleswomen stand next to half or wholly empty shelves. Food rationing has been mandated. A family typically gets six eggs a week. A full-sized tube of toothpaste sells for \$25. Inflation is now hitting 35 per cent and unemployment 17 per cent. An unskilled worker earns about 1,500 córdobas a month; a pair of shoes would cost him one-third of that.

Nicaragua's foreign debt stands at \$3.2 billion at present, with its interest unpaid, and foreign reserves at minus \$450 million. Before the Sandinista revolution (1978), the share of the GNP dedicated to the public sector was 15 per cent; today it is about 50 per cent. This has meant catastrophic losses in industrial production; agricultural production is back up somewhat, however, but not to the levels of 1970 through 1975. Although the Russians are pumping funds into the economy, this injection is for a few big projects, with little ameliorative effect on the everyday economy. Arturo Cruz, once the director of Nicaragua's Central Bank and a member of the Sandinista junta (he is the one defector whom the Comandantes still treat with kid gloves, hoping to woo him back), has concluded that "Nicaragua is condemned to be an international beggar."

From July 1979 to August 1983, the U.S. delivered \$135 million in economic aid to Nicaragua. The Sandinistas' own figures indicate that they received \$500 million in multilateral and bilateral assistance each year from 1980 through 1982 (the last year for which figures are available), totaling \$1.5 billion. Despite

this mammoth transfusion, the Sandinista-run economy is staggering, and, if Ronald Reagan has his way, it will be given the coup de grâce. We have ended our own aid and routinely try to block multinational loans, like the Inter-American Development Bank's recent \$30 million to revive Nicaragua's fisheries, which, despite our veto, somehow made it through.

A War of Nerves

The Sandinistas tell you that they have a mixed economy, but you discover shortly from talking to tradesmen that neither wages nor prices can be changed without government clearance, even at small mom-and-pop businesses way out in the country. The revolutionary government today owns the banks; it controls all the nation's basic products, from cosmetics to cement; it runs the export trade. This means that business investment and incentive have shriveled, and an ever-growing stream of entrepreneurs, skilled workers, and professionals is flowing out of the country.

The grouching that all of this provokes among the people is pervasive, as you can imagine, and requires systematic social control to be held in check. So the classic, telltale, Communist police-state regimen is all in place. First, communications are locked up. You look in vain for a foreign newspaper, even at the Inter-Continental Hotel. The official local papers, *Barricada* and *Nuevo Diario*, are both available, of course, but so pro-Sandinista as to be comic. *La Prensa*, edited by the audacious Pedro Chamorro, is critical of the government, but is carefully censored before publication. The one TV news program that is aired is a joke.

Politically, a few non-Sandinista parties exist, like the Democratic Conservatives, but they can neither assemble nor recruit, and are little more than symbolic. Nicaraguans who criticize the government are subject to arrest. The most sickening aspect of the Communization process is the informer system that is being erected under the direction of imported East Germans, with neighborhood bloc leaders and

Sandinista Defense Committees (CDS). The CDS unit leaders, by the way, are the same friendly folk who give you your food ration cards and, when there is one, your job. If you want to eat, you'd better be pro-revolution.

The third impression that jumps out at you in this environment is the war of nerves. The nine-man junta that runs the country is preoccupied by and, intermittently, jittery about the three insurgencies on their borders. Anti-Sandinista counter-revolutionaries are active in three areas: eight thousand *contras* to the north (the *Frente Democrático Nicaraguense*) staging hit-and-run forays at the border, reaching as far south as the Matagalpa province, northeast of Managua; two thousand *contras* in the southwest (the *Alianza Revolucionaria Democrática*), under Comandante Cero (the former Sandinista, Edén Pastora), controlling a strip of territory along the San Juan River, which separates Nicaragua from Costa Rica; and two thousand Miskito and other Indians in the northeast, headed by thirty-year-old Stedman Fagoth, whose American father married a Miskito Indian. The Sandinista regime is forced to counter these insurgencies, meaning that 25,000 army regulars and special forces have to be fully mobilized, fed, housed, and clothed. The newly instituted draft aimed at pressing 200,000 youths into the service by year's end will exact still more costs.

Time Is Running Out

Some pro-Sandinistas here argue that the *contras* are only stiffening the spine of the populace, uniting it behind the revolution. And, indeed, they have caused a goodly number of the younger half of the population to rally patriotically behind the regime. But there is no question that the *contras* have had a destabilizing impact on both the government and the masses.

The principal seeds of the dissolution, however, lie in the economy, which, more than anything else, is causing this government to erode. One comes away with the feeling that since the Sandinistas show no sign of reform, since President Reagan (and Congress, it appears) is bent on maintaining the pressure, and since no deal is yet on the table or seems to be in the offing, the Sandinistas' string has perhaps six months to a year to run out. The unraveling is their own doing. The Comandantes have betrayed their revolution. Will their revolution now betray them? □

Predator Nations Out

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

QUITE POSSIBLY, Charles Lichenstein may have earned himself a footnote in history (irrespective of other claims) for having invited the Soviet Union and other ungrateful countries to pack up and go if they really consider the United States to be an "unworthy host" to their delegations. The White House, diplomatically, said that Mr. Lichenstein's invitation did not reflect Administration policy, but the State Department, with uncharacteristic bluntness, let it be known that if UN members voted to vacate their well-known headquarters in Manhattan nobody would stand in their way.

My views on the uselessness of the United Nations and its otiose consumption of public money (one-quarter of it American) are perhaps well-known, certainly to *NR* regulars, and I do not propose to restate them in detail here.

However, the question whether the UN is needed is not identical with the question whether or not *an* international organization of its kind is needed. In other words, assuming that a) a majority of UN members voted to pull out of New York, b) those brave enough accepted a generous offer of hospitality in Moscow, and c) the U.S. decided, along with, say, France and Britain, to drop the whole thing, should something else be put in its place?

I am sorry to present a basically serious issue in such flippant terms, but it must be said that at times the behavior of the international body does provoke flippancy.

New Alignments

Two built-in flaws frustrate the peace-keeping pretensions of the UN as at present constituted. One is the fact that, for well-known historical reasons, it includes what I call "predator nations" as well as those respectful of other countries' sovereignty and territorial integrity. The other is that all member nations, great and small, are supposedly equal in voting terms, at least in the General Assembly. The provision of a veto for the permanent member nations of the Security Council is logical, but the qualification for permanency has been overtaken by history: If the United Kingdom is a permanent member, is there any convincing

reason (other than the situation of the world at the time of the defeat of the Axis powers) why West Germany and Japan should not be included?

Defenders of the UN are by definition idealists and non-Burnhamites. They usually want it both ways. On the one hand, they will tell you that the UN is indispensable for the maintenance of world peace; on the other, that of course the character of the world body is bound to reflect the reality that some nations are bigger than others, and that some behave badly.

This could be a good time to relaunch an idea first put forward in my book *The Masters of Power* nearly 15 years ago. What I proposed was the creation of a free Association of Nations, dedicated to the peaceful settlement of disputes between members and to their defense against the predator nations. The Association of Nations would differ fundamentally from the present United Nations, but it would not be an alliance, and certainly not an extension of NATO.

The first step would be the concerted withdrawal of the major Western supporting nations—the U.S., the UK, and France—from the UN. This alone would cause its collapse. An agreed-upon plan for the alternative could then be initiated.

What are predator nations? The definition is permanently valid but the list varies over the years. By a long way, of course, the main predator is the Soviet Union, not only because it invaded Afghanistan and is committing atrocities there, but also because it claims the right (embodied in its 1977 constitution) to intervene anywhere in the world to oust existing governments and replace them with Communist governments on the Soviet model.

But the list of predators includes those countries that collaborate with the USSR in its predatory endeavors, most notably Cuba, but also East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Under Qaddafi, Libya obviously qualifies as a predator; as in its time did Sukarno's Indonesia.

What about China and North Korea? The former case is particularly fascinating. For many years, under the Great Helmsman, Mao, the Chinese People's Republic was comparable to the Soviet Union as a leading predator. The Chinese Communists were heavily involved in subversion,

including the arming and training of terrorists and guerrillas, not only in Southeast Asia, but as far afield as Africa.

After an African tour in 1964, the then-premier, Chou En-lai, declared that "Africa is ripe for revolution." Mao was more specific: "Burundi is the way to the Congo, and when the Congo falls the whole of Africa will follow." Well, the Chinese did their worst in Burundi, next door to the Congo (now Zaire), but the Congo didn't fall, and neither did Africa.

Time for New Strategies

Although Leninism, which even Deng Xiaoping has refrained from disowning, prescribes the kind of revolutionary expansionism Mao and Chou preached, the Chinese Communists have lately been (in comparison with the past) remarkably well behaved. They have quietly dropped their support for subversive groups in Southeast Asia, for instance. And all this has happened partly as a natural consequence of the Nixon-Kissinger Ping-Pong diplomacy and international diplomatic acceptance, and partly because the mad leader of the Chinese revolution is no longer around.

This leaves China's permanent claim to Taiwan (regarded by both sides as a province of China), and North Korea's apparent readiness to invade South Korea if ever it feels it can get away with it. Are these internal or international disputes? It would be more helpful to regard them as ideological disputes and protect those who are on "our" side.

An Association of Nations, rid of the predators, could offer protection to non-members of alliances who were threatened by internal upheaval of the kind that paved the way for changes of regime in Afghanistan, South Yemen, and Ethiopia. As things stand, Saudi Arabia, to name only one major case, is wide open to a Nasserist coup by an unknown colonel, or the kind of revolutionary chaos that could have ensued from the occupation of the Great Mosque in November 1979 if French counterforce had not been made available.

It is time the West looked afresh at the inherited wisdom of the immediate postwar period, which, because of the fortuitous composition of the winning alliance, produced such anomalies as the United Nations. □

THE STRATEGIC FRONT

DELAYED RETALIATION & ROBOTICS

J. BART CZIRR and E. PAUL PALMER

Thirty years ago the United States was—indisputably—the most powerful nation on earth, and so acknowledged by friend and foe. This shared knowledge allowed for a simple military doctrine: Any country that attacked a country shielded by America's nuclear umbrella was inviting a nuclear attack by the United States. Protected by America's nuclear guarantee, Western Europe was able to remain outside the grasp of the Soviet Union.

When the United States lost its nuclear edge, it turned to the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD), which held that nuclear parity with the Soviet Union was all that was needed, since a first strike by either power would be suicidal.

Now strategists are trying to shepherd America and the West through the post-MAD phase of the nuclear age. The Reagan Administration, with the consent of Congress, will build the MX missile, a mammoth land-based missile (capable of carrying ten warheads) that will be deployed within the United States. In December, the United States is scheduled to begin sending Pershing IIs and cruise missiles to its NATO allies.

In his recent address before the UN, President Reagan offered to reduce the number of Pershing IIs to be deployed in Western Europe if the Soviet Union would reduce the number of SS-20s already deployed in Eastern Europe. In another initiative, Mr. Reagan has said he will propose a new concept of strategic-arms negotiations under which any deployment of new warheads would be matched by the destruction of older ones.

In the September 25 New York Times Magazine, Irving Kristol deliberated over the cracks in the NATO alliance. Is it realistic, Kristol wondered, as others have done before him, to believe that an American President would push the button to defend Europe if it meant the destruction of the United States? Kristol suggests a radical restructuring of the alliance, beginning with a Western European declaration of independence from the United States. "Dependency corrupts," says Kristol, "and absolute dependency corrupts absolutely." For NATO to survive, Kristol says, Western Europeans must be willing to fight and to win a conventional war with the Soviet Union. American help would be available in some form, but American troops would not be.

Irving Kristol's proposal, like Mr. Reagan's, is a suggested way of surviving the post-MAD age. In this article Professors J. Bart Czirr and E. Paul Palmer toss into the hopper a radically different idea—delayed retaliation. Delayed retaliation is a principle, they believe, that can take many different forms, be it a launch-into-orbit-on-warning system or another system based on land, in the sea, or in the air. This article is an elaboration of their piece in the May 27 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE FORMER nuclear superiority of the United States and the present stalemate between the Soviet Union and the United States have restrained nuclear conflicts for the past forty years; but now this stability is threatened by the absence of effective limitations on the numbers of weapons and the development of accurate first-strike weapons on both sides. The power of nuclear weapons, their radioactive fallout,

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and the ease of delivery via long-range missiles have generated unproductive fear and have hampered constructive thinking among those who hope to prevent nuclear war. These very characteristics, however, recommend nuclear weapons to an aggressor. They lead him to believe that he may initiate a conflict and defeat the enemy without suffering significant retaliation.

Specifically, as the Soviets view it, the nature of power struggles has not changed, but only the weapons used to pursue them. The Soviets' statements concerning the winnability of nuclear war, along with their civil-defense efforts and military preparations, indicate that they view nuclear weapons as controllable and in effect conventional. Only the perception that their use will bring unendurable retaliation can counteract that view. For a target country, only the perception that the retaliatory power of nuclear weapons is invincible gives it the will to withstand intimidating action. Nuclear deterrence is apparently the only strategy that can maintain peace now and in the foreseeable future.

We propose a new strategy for deterrence based upon the following premises: 1) Deterrence is best achieved by the *elimination of uncertainty* concerning a threatened retaliation. A potential aggressor must understand our retaliatory system in detail and be assured that it will function as advertised. 2) Uncertainty as to response can be eliminated by the adoption of an *automatic system* that is capable of retaliating even after the complete destruction of our command and control structure and personnel. 3) Protection against inadvertent war caused by a malfunctioning automatic system can be guaranteed by utilizing the principle of *delayed retaliation*.

New technology, particularly the development of reliable robotic systems under computer control, has made it possible to weave these three principles together to provide deterrence and safety. An invulnerable robotic weapon that responds automatically to attack is the ultimate deterrent, since all uncertainty and guesswork is removed for both aggressor and victim. Automatic-response systems have been rejected in the past as a basis for national defense because of the danger of accidents and mistakes. But now, for the first time, technology

is available that can provide the proper balance between the need for a survivable deterrent and protection against accidental or erroneous firings or misuse by the owner. We can have a system that replies appropriately to real attack and does not reply to false alarms.

We emphasize the general principle of delayed retaliation as a means of controlling weapons and eventually defusing the danger inherent in a situation where the aggressor thinks he can act with impunity. The principle is: *A delayed retaliation will deter as effectively as a prompt retaliation. It is only necessary that the threatened retaliation be perceived as severe and certain.* In today's world, this means that the retaliation must be nuclear and that the aggressor must not be able to prevent it.



The Boomerang System

The following outline gives one possible means of implementing the concept of delayed retaliation using current armament technology. Consider a fleet of small, unmanned submarines, each controlled by on-board sensors and computers, powered by a small nuclear reactor, and carrying one or two missiles. Each submarine will slowly traverse a preplanned course and approach the surface at times and places chosen randomly and then programmed into its schedule. At its programmed time near the surface, the submarine will prepare to receive a coded message that is being broadcast continually from a control center. One of two messages will be sent; "Everything is under control—continue your program"; or "Surface and prepare for boarding." If the first message is received, the submarine will signal: "Orders received, will comply." If the second message is received, a submarine tender will be standing by to service and possibly redirect the submarine. The above situations constitute the normal peacetime operations of the system.

If a submarine's primary control center is destroyed in an act of war, the messages will cease, the order to continue peacefully will *not* be received, and the submarine will begin a preprogrammed plan of attack eventually resulting in nuclear warheads being launched toward selected targets. At a randomly chosen later time, and from a different place, more warheads will be launched from the next scheduled submarine, and so on. This operation will continue for weeks, months, or years. By attacking, an aggressor unleashes a modern boomerang upon his own head. Both aggressor and victim are certain of the results of an attack, and deterrence is maximized.

The small, unmanned submarines proposed here present technical problems, but they do not involve a new system requiring new technology; they require only modification of existing submarine types or of those already being studied. They will be simpler than conventional submarines since they will be very slow (a few knots), to keep them quiet. With



"The door to an agreement is open. It is time for the Soviets to walk through it." —Ronald Reagan



slow speeds, the requirements for propulsion systems and maneuverability are minimal, and the submarines could easily be towed or carried to and from their regions of deployment. They require no life-support or safety systems for a crew, and they can be designed for great depths and can be hardened against attack to a degree not possible with manned submarines. They can be controlled by existing navigational systems, and, since they do not require streamlining for speed, they can use sound-absorbing techniques to reduce sonar reflections and thus be essentially undetectable by present techniques.



Accident Prevention

As a Boomerang submarine approaches the surface, its first priority is to test its message-reception systems. If it finds itself unable to receive, it will call for help. If it finds itself in perfect order but does not receive a coded message, it must assume that its control center has been destroyed by war, and it will begin a preprogrammed plan of action. Since there is no rush to launch the missiles, the submarine will first re-submerge; in the event that it is the submarine's message-reception systems that have broken down, this will provide a grace period for decision-making, communication, control, or even for the assembling of a force to destroy the submarine. (This process of listening, and then submerging and waiting, can be repeated several times if desired.) If there has been a first-strike attack on the U.S., preventing the sending of the all-clear message and the dispatching of a disabling fleet, the submarine would again surface on schedule, test its systems, listen for new messages, and finally fire its missiles.

Many techniques can be employed to provide safety against inadvertent launching of the rockets. For example, the internal communication link between the onboard control computers that give the fire command and the launch mechanism could be by radio broadcast. The receiver for the fire command would be the same one that receives the external command to resume peaceful operation. Thus, if the peaceful signal could not be received, neither could the fire signal. Multiple comput-

ers would certainly be used, each with separate clocks, and more than one would be required to give the fire command simultaneously. Thus, computer failure could not cause a firing, but only prevent one. A coded message that would prevent arming and firing of the rockets and would cause the self-destruction of any that might be launched could be made available worldwide every day, and could be broadcast by any country. The message could be changed daily and would be capable of stopping only one portion of the retaliatory force. It is ironic that for his own safety the aggressor must do everything to preserve the integrity of his intended victim's communications.

Note that for a missile to be launched accidentally, *all* of these safeguards must fail *simultaneously*. Communications must fail. The safeguards against failed communications must fail. The fire-inhibit

signals over different channels must all fail. The rocket-destruct signals must fail. Finally, the specialized force assembled to destroy the submarine must fail, and it knows where the submarine is, what it is doing, when it will approach the surface to communicate, and when it will fire.



Other Options

The system sketched here could be modified or expanded, and all possible systems that would be perceived as a sure retaliation (whether prompt or delayed) should be considered. We will not discuss launch-into-orbit-on-warning systems or deep-buried systems (which are both true delayed-response systems) but will only suggest here three modifications to submarine-oriented systems.

The submarines could remain on land, undeployed, until times of severe tension or actual attack. They would then be launched by air or by sea to go about their preprogrammed missions. This makes them more vulnerable to attack than if they were always deployed, but it also keeps up the present United States policy of having missiles under human control until fired.

A large number of inexpensive decoys could be deployed along with the submarines. Such a system would completely overwhelm a fleet of killer submarines.

The Boomerang submarines need not carry large, long-range missiles such as the MX. Since retaliation is long delayed, most of the fleet could patrol far from enemy shores, then move toward the enemy if the United States were attacked. Moving at only two knots, the submarines could cover 1,400 nautical miles in thirty days and use small short-range missiles or cruise missiles.



The Payoff

An automated, delayed-response system that is almost invulnerable to attack has unique characteristics not found in

other strategic-weapons systems currently deployed or in the planning stage.

1. The system is immune to hasty, ill-conceived use and immune to firing on false alarms because of the two time delays built in: first, the random time of surfacing; and second, the submerging and delay before firing if the all's-well signal is not received. Natural disaster—or even nuclear terrorism or limited nuclear attack—would not fluster the system. There is no reason to fire on warning with this system, and this gives time to assess any problems and respond appropriately.

2. The system functions in wartime. It is immune to command failure owing to death, false information, failed communication, coercion and intimidation, sabotage, or personnel incompetence or breakdown. It was programmed under calm peacetime conditions, and no matter what happens later it will do what it was told to do then.

3. The more effective the first strike against the United States, the more certain is the retaliatory strike. Under massive attack, there is no way to call off the retaliation.

4. The system can stop far short of a doomsday retaliation. If only one control center were attacked (one missile site or city) only one submarine would be activated.

5. Because of the survivability of the unmanned submarines, there will no longer be a hard-and-fast numerical relationship between the size of an aggressor's force and a sufficient retaliatory force. The emphasis will shift instead to the number of targets that it is deemed necessary to retaliate against in order to provide a psychological barrier to aggression. The net result should be a fixed upper limit on the number of submarines required to provide retaliation; thus, the Boomerang system could put a stop both to the proliferation of nuclear weapons and even to the arms race itself.

6. The fact that the Boomerang missiles are inaccessible and cannot be fired or redirected without long delays makes the system unsuitable as a first-strike offensive weapon against any military targets. It could be perceived as a purely deterring weapon, and hence as a stabilizing influence when compared to other systems.

7. For the first time, the intrinsic advantages of aggression, surprise, and massive crippling attack are nullified.

These seven characteristics are unique to this system. They make it a fearsome and effective deterrent, while remaining entirely non-aggressive.

The Boomerang system does not invite attack because it cannot be found to be destroyed. If an attack were attempted, it would—unlike an attack on our land-based missiles—cause little harm to civilian populations and no loss of military personnel. Wide dispersal, away from wind patterns crossing the United States, would essentially eliminate damaging radiation and other secondary effects from such an attack.



Putting on the Lid

It is clear from the discussion of the Boomerang retaliation system that it is a strategic system, a deterrent, and not a counterforce system or first-strike weapon aimed at enemy missiles. It is designed to limit the scale of future wars and to put a lid on the strategic-arms race.

Highly accurate missiles give first-strike capability and may lead to irresistible temptations for the United States (or the Soviet Union) to initiate global nuclear war under the provocation of non-nuclear aggression or the fear of losing a small-scale war. Pinpoint accuracy with land-based missiles has been pursued by the military to give the ultimate in "protective" capability, yet the opposite will result.

The worry about nuclear superiority, with its resulting arms race, arises because we have chosen vulnerable weapons and expect only a very few of them to survive to provide a retaliatory threat. With something like Boomerang to deter nuclear attack and a policy to eliminate strategic first-strike weapons, we can influence the world by moral means and not by intimidation.

It is a sad and awesome thing to propose a new weapon system. If deployed, it will probably lead to the creation of some type of matching system. This might, however—ironically enough—bring a stop to the strategic-arms race and provide an environment in which the elimination of strategic nuclear weapons could be seriously considered. □

Keenings

CANDIDATE

"Image"
and "charisma"
confused the voters' eyes,
till few could tell the Good from the
Bad Guise.

CONTEMPORARY

Loath to
live in a past
he viewed as dead and dim,
the past was not too proud to live
in him.

ROCK SINGER

Tortured
all his movements,
a man in mindless shock,
stretched and roaring on the rack
of rock.

REFUGEES

Crowded
to the roadside,
the center they ignore—
resigned to yielding right-of-way
to war.

—GLORIA MAXSON

Hiroshima 1983

MICHAEL NOVAK

FOR NEARLY three weeks this September, my wife and I toured Korea and Japan. (My wife, thank God, rejected my request for a seat on KAL 007, August 31, because she found a cheaper fare; never was a frugal wife a greater gift.) Two days after my arrival in Seoul, I visited the spot under the tree in Panmunjom where, in 1976, a squad of armed North Korean guards with flailing axes hacked two American servicemen dead. The scent of death was very strong at the beginning of our trip.

One highlight of our visit was Hiroshima, a city nestled on a delta surrounded by lush green mountains, far to the south of Tokyo. In part, I dreaded the visit, recalling how as a lad of almost 12, just after August 6, 1945, I heard the awesome and unintelligible words "atomic bomb." The bomb meant the war would end soon; but something awful in the world had also occurred.

I half expected to encounter in Hiroshima ruins like those one sees in Berlin, Cologne, and other European cities; I thought, too, that there would be a sort of radioactive desert where the heart of the city had been. When we toured the hypocenter of the blast—at about the same time of day as when, long ago, the B-29 *Enola Gay* appeared over the mountain—the morning air was brilliant, the sun bright, the air as hot and humid as survivors have reported it was that fateful August morning.

Huge pillars of orange-red flame spurted high into the sky, while the fires leapt unchecked from house to house. The very streets were rivers of fire. Everywhere one could see flaming pieces of furniture exploding in the heat, while the people themselves blazed like matchsticks. . . . Another witness was Masao Nomura, a reporter for the *Asahi* newspaper, who visited the scene after the worst was over: "Corpses without number," he wrote, "lay everywhere in the streets: naked bloated bodies, bodies of policemen still in uniform, bodies of women lying beside their children. Here and there smoke still smoldered from ruined streetcars. Long lines of ragged, ash-covered people straggled along, dazed and silent, like columns of ants. They had no idea

where they were going; all they knew was that they were still alive. I wanted to interview some of them, but I lacked the courage. My only interview was with this vast desolation." . . . Sixteen square miles . . . were completely destroyed, leaving 88,793 people dead and 130,000 injured. A total of 268,000 dwellings were burnt down; a million inhabitants were left homeless. [*The Day Man Lost: Hiroshima, 6 August 1945*, The Pacific War Research Society.]

This is not, of course, a description of the scene at Hiroshima on that August 6. It is a description of but a single raid (of scores) on Tokyo on March 9, 1945. By the time Hiroshima was targeted from on high by the single B-29, over a hundred cities in Japan had been similarly bombed. The Imperial Army had pledged to defend the island home with suicidal, total war. Some 4.5 million troops were being assembled. Twenty-eight million old men, boys, and women were being mobilized and drilled—some with broomsticks, a lucky few with ancient muskets. Around Hiroshima, four thousand "suicide" boats had been outfitted with explosives and hidden along the coast for use against U.S. landing craft. Hiroshima had been chosen as the headquarters of one of the four Imperial Armies defending the nation's four military zones.

The population of Hiroshima had been reduced (from about 400,000) by the evacuation of primary-school children and others to the countryside. High-school students were mobilized for work in the war factories and for the sad task of tearing down thousands of homes, to create fire breaks and fire lanes in the densely packed city, against the expected incendiary attacks. Contrariwise, the population was swollen back to nearly 380,000 by the presence of at least ninety thousand officers and men of the Imperial Army.

Thirty-eight years later, one still sees the ruined walls and splintered dome of the brick exhibition hall that proudly marked the center of Hiroshima, near the T-shaped Aioi Bridge, which marked the exact target sought by the bombard-

ier of the *Enola Gay*. Most of all, however, one is stunned—at the very center that the atomic bomb blast enveloped—by the quiet beauty of the tree-lined walks, the green grass, the thick vegetation of the Memorial Park. The marble museum is a graceful building, set off from the simple memorial to the dead.

That August day, an estimated eighty thousand persons died from a single bomb, which did in moments what wave after wave of B-52s over Tokyo had done—and more. The effects of radiation were not clearly known in the beginning. Over days, and weeks, and years, at least an equal number of the first day's survivors died. The terror of not knowing what, if anything, was wrong with them (how to discern atomic symptoms from other symptoms), or when some delayed symptom might appear, proved to be perhaps the worst horror. The wounds, too, were different from any others. The heat had been so intense that body liquids boiled inside; skin dripped away like wax. Burns—and, later, their peculiar calloid scars—were horrible. The pictures in the museum, particularly the documentary films, are—like films of napalm—more than is bearable.

HIROSHIMA TODAY is a thriving, vital, affluent, and beautiful city of more than a million persons. Bitter emotions still rage beneath the surface, however. The atomic blast was so awesome, so terrible, that many still feel unfairly singled out, victimized, and in part mute. For, on the whole, they respect the course Japan has taken since 1945. They try not to be bitter toward Americans. But they are.

The meaning of Hiroshima for both Americans and Japanese needs urgently to be explored. There are some very harsh expressions ("merciless genocide") used in the museum. The context of the decision to drop the bomb—the urgent reasons for doing so; the long and explicit consideration of alternatives—is nowhere stated. It is as if, on August 6, 1945, in a historical vacuum, the world began and ended for Hiroshima.

Neither is true. What is true is that there must never be another such day. This is not to use Hiroshima as a symbol of pacifism or even of a profounder moral lesson: that nuclear war is not prevented by the helplessness of populations. It is simply to resolve that every expense must be met, every step taken, to be certain that no city ever again shares the terror of August 6, 1945. □

To be young, gifted, and on the White House staff. Your work is important. Your thoughts are important. And you are important. You've even got the presidential cuff links and rectangular wastebasket to prove it

Power Can Be Fun

DOUG BANDOW

THE POWER OF Washington's permanent government—the career establishment—is legendary. Perhaps more than anything else, it is the influence of these unelected bureaucrats that makes political change so difficult. However, a more subtle influence on national policy is the atmosphere of the capital, and the White House in particular. Having power is fun, but using it—running agencies, creating programs, just “doing things”—is truly exciting, bringing the sort of acclaim that most people crave.

From the moment the election returns are in and a candidate becomes the President-elect, he and his aides become the center of the political universe. This was as true for Ronald Reagan as for his predecessors, and he likes it. Communications Director David Gergen says Reagan “really enjoys the exercise of power.” Gergen himself admits to being impressed with the grandeur and sweep of his office. Navy Secretary John Lehman has allowed that making money is not “one-tenth as much fun” as running the Navy. And a former aide to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jim Rowe, now 73 years old, says that “there are no better jobs in the world; I haven't done anything so important since.”

Indeed, probably few former White House staffers or Assistant Secretaries would disagree with Rowe. Their attitude is a natural outgrowth of work in a government that reeks of perquisites, a city that uncritically grants prestige to

government positions, and a system that glorifies and encourages state action. There are, after all, only a few who have been chosen to govern; who can reject this manifest destiny?

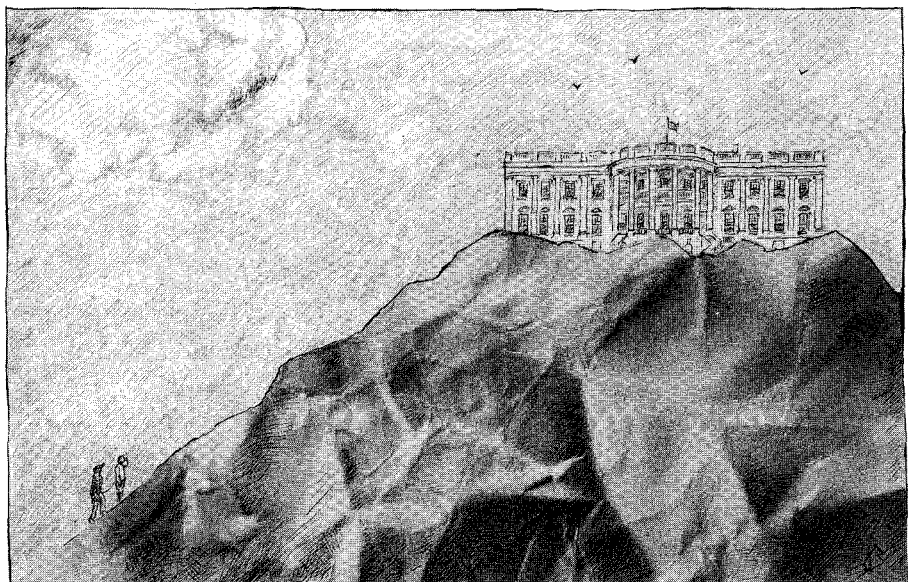
If nothing else, the mere trappings of office will convince you that you're a notch above everyone else. The President, for example, lives in a house run by 86 employees, which tourists wait hours in the rain to visit. There are limos, helicopters, and planes for travel, a barbershop for looks, a medical clinic for health, a movie theater, concerts, and parties for entertainment, and a bowling alley, tennis court, and gym for exercise.

The White House staff doesn't have it quite so good, but it nevertheless benefits from trickle-down status. My office, for example, when I was a Special Assistant to the President, was easily 300 square feet, with 15-foot ceilings, two balconies, a sofa, large chairs, a small refrigerator, and a fireplace. My dirty rug was replaced with a new one by the General Services Administration (GSA),

even though I was satisfied with the cleaning job on my old one. Not bad for a 24-year-old a couple of years out of law school.

And my office wasn't even top of the line. You see, it was in the Old Executive Office Building (OEOB), the hulking granite structure next to the White House. Though this location is decidedly superior to the New Executive Office Building, which isn't even within the White House complex, it can't compare with the West Wing of the White House itself, in which the Oval Office and the Cabinet Room are lodged. Virtually every top aide works in the West Wing; the only exception early on was Lyn Nofziger, who voluntarily took a much more spacious office in the OEOB.

All sorts of paintings, watercolors, and presidential photos are available for White House aides. The White House art collection itself is at the disposal of the very top staff. Michael Deaver, for example, claimed a host of George Catlin paintings of the West; Ed Meese took



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a scene of the Civil War, and Martin Anderson a couple of paintings of Daniel Webster. I contented myself with about a dozen run-of-the-mill oils and watercolors, which admittedly wasn't bad for a single office.

The emphasis on office perks extends throughout the government. The GSA regulations are quite detailed: Big-shots get up to 750-square-foot offices, 50-square-foot kitchens with 300-square-foot dining areas, and 45-square-foot bathrooms. They are also entitled to wooden wastebaskets (rectangular metal ones go to mid-level people; round metal ones to peons), "executive" wood furniture (mid-dies get "unitized" wood, while the underlings get metal), water carafes, dictionary stands, rugs, and so on.

But the White House is the place to be. Take your friends and relatives (and their friends and relatives) on tours of the Oval Office and Cabinet Room. Show your less fortunate college classmates the Rose Garden. Or bring them to a welcoming ceremony for a foreign leader on the South Lawn.

Of course, virtually any White House staffer can do these things. If you're a bit more important you can get presidential matchbooks, cuff links, tie clips, stick pins, bracelets, glasses, and jelly-bean jars. If you're a little more important still, you can get tickets—free, of course—to the President's box at Kennedy Center. There you can enjoy watching the other patrons watch you as you enter the box.

For official business many White House aides can use official cars chauffeured by Army sergeants. I can't count the number of times I was greeted with "sir," had my door opened for me and the light turned on in back when I started reading. But we were the poor cousins compared to top Cabinet officials, who rate limousines. As one lobbyist declared to *The Washingtonian* magazine: "Do you expect Secretary Regan to pull up to the Treasury in a Pinto? This is a big-car town."

One's sense of self-worth is enhanced in other ways. High-ranking staffers can eat at the White House Mess, a fine, wood-paneled eatery a floor below the Oval Office. If a phone call comes in, the Mess staff immediately brings a telephone to your table. For the very highest aides—Deputy Assistants to the President and Assistants to the President (alas, I was but a Special Assistant)—a special Mess dining room is available. For staffers somewhat lower on the totem pole, there is an executive dining room in the OEOD.



It's known as the pride of Portugal. Yet for centuries now, it's been as close to the hearts of the English aristocracy as the country weekend.

PORT

In England it's traditional to buy a vintage Port at the birth of a son, so he can enjoy the Port years later—when he and the wine both reach maturity. But one shouldn't wait for a special occasion to buy and enjoy Port.

Despite Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Claret is for boys, Port for men," Port is not a man's drink exclusively. Many women favor it. And who would not be taken with its full and generous flavor, its natural sweetness.

Port is a fortified wine, made in rugged northern Portugal. It is ample. Satisfying. The classic drink to end a meal. It's perfect after dinner. No cordial can compare.

For nearly two hundred years Sandeman has been making some of the noblest Ports. And always keeping part of the finest in reserve for the exclusive enjoyment of family and friends. Now they are releasing some of this very special wine: Founders Reserve Port. Vigorous. Dramatic. Urbane. Sandeman is certain that a Port distinguished enough to honor their founder will be enjoyed by a wider circle of friends.

Fine Port is one great wines. Make

of the world's truly friends with it. Sandeman Founders Reserve Port.



Imported by Chateau & Estate Wines Company, N. Y.

Deputy Assistants and above can also use the gym in the OEOB; the masses of employees, who were able to use it under the Carter Administration, were shut out after (the story goes) a high-ranking aide returned from playing tennis to find his clothes tossed in the hall because it was then women's hours. So he quickly solved that problem by closing the gym, spending a few thousand dollars remodeling it, and reopening it to the elite. The right to use the White House tennis courts is even more closely guarded. The White House barbershop was formerly open to all, but is now restricted to the President and Vice President. Plans to add another hair-styling salon were scrubbed last year but only after congressional protests.

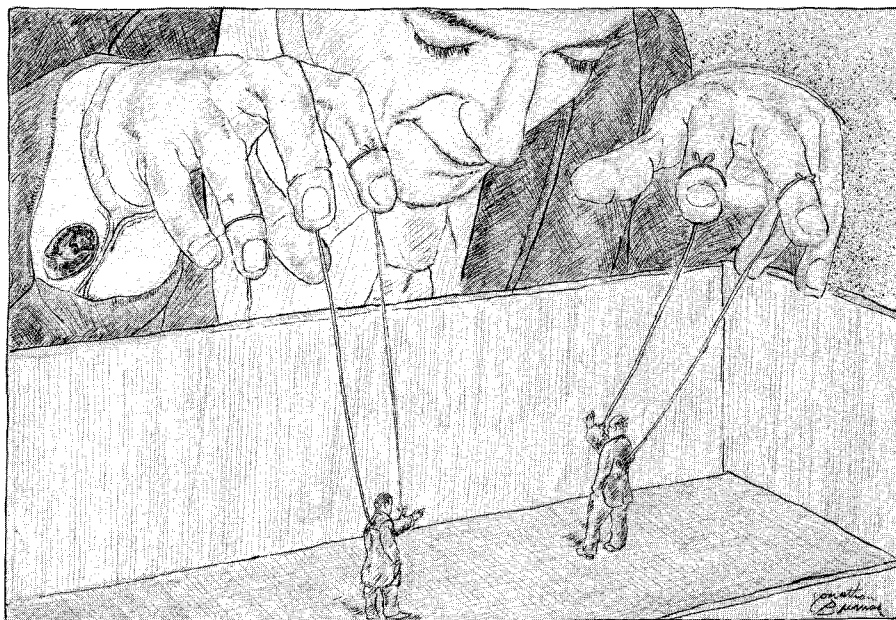
Other unique benefits of the White House include having photos taken with the President, and getting them, as well as certificates and letters signed by him, framed for your office walls. There are also a host of well-stocked parties to celebrate the Fourth of July, Christmas, and legislative victories (such as AWACS), and to honor departing staff members.

Perhaps the most fundamental divider between the average man and the Important People is the ID card, the magic piece of plastic that lets one walk or drive into the White House complex past all of the watching common folk. Ah, to strut past those dentists and teachers and laborers who will never do anything as important as you . . .

Indeed, the central importance of status and perks causes some of the bitterest internecine battles. Former Secretary of State Haig's celebrated anger about not being in the first helicopter during one leg of that trip in Europe was only the most publicized fight over the trappings of power. After all, the first decision a President has to make is not, Do we go to war? but, Who gets the corner office down the hall from the Oval Office?

This internal warfare often has made policy battles look mundane by comparison. Who gets to go on foreign trips? Who gets to take his staff on foreign trips? Who gets his staff into the White House Mess? Who gains White House passes, as opposed to the more restrictive OEOB ones, for his assistants? And who gets the beautiful models of historic American ships? (You think that last question unimportant? Think again. The Office of Administration received a pile of memos explaining the particular writers' desperate need for a model ship.)

As intoxicating as the perks is Washington's constant glorification of those who



work in the White House. At times, everything seems to revolve around the White House. The *Washington Post*, for example, devoted a huge article to "The Right Table," which found, not surprisingly, that the best tables usually go to those with political power and connections—to White House aides, senators, and important lobbyists.

This attitude is symptomatic of the way Washington works. The *New York Times* reported on the chaos that attended one presidential news conference: the postponement of a college basketball game, the late arrivals to parties, and the setting up of TV sets at others. People just couldn't "miss a single beat from the White House drums." The head of the White House fellows program seemed to sum up the Washington experience when he spoke of the "sense of self-confidence that comes from hobnobbing with the high and mighty." There's nothing particularly wrong with wanting to hobnob with the high and mighty; frankly, I've enjoyed doing it. But the problem is that calling them high and mighty tends to make them believe that they really are high and mighty.

Even in my less than exalted position in government, I was treated far better than I had been before I entered the

White House, and than I am now. For example, lots of people became unnaturally interested in what I thought. An official at one of Washington's many think tanks figured that a letter from me would help direct a study in the right direction. On the phone I found that secretaries who lazily asked me where I was calling from quickly got more interested after I intoned: "The White House."

Out of the blue I received a luncheon invitation from a prestigious graduate school; I was seated next to former Secretary of State Edmund Muskie. My junior college asked me to give a commencement speech. Some Republican groups asked me to speak and one gave me a Man of the Year award. Business groups asked me to speak on Administration policy, and one national convention had me on an issues panel. I was also paraded in front of a host of constituent groups by the White House's Office of Public Liaison—the visitors always seemed to leave satisfied that they had talked with "the White House." Even my letters were treasured. One student used a thank-you letter from me as a political credential; a California county supervisor released a congratulatory letter of mine to the press.

Lobbyists make it worse. (Where else but in Washington would a university—seriously—offer a degree program in lobbying?) One lobbyist worked frantically to set up an appointment between me and a natural gas pipeline company executive she was representing. The executive proceeded to tell me of his devotion to free enterprise, "but" (the most important word in most businessmen's vocabularies) he thought natural gas deregulation was unnecessary. I was less

Even my letters were treasured. One student used a thank-you letter from me as a political credential

than supportive, but he and the lobbyist were both happy—they had spoken with “the White House.” Another poor soul, who’d had trouble with the Department of Energy in the previous Administration, almost prostrated himself before me in an attempt to get me to bless his enterprise.

Once the Chamber of Commerce invited me over to an energy breakfast. One California utility company put on a lavish dinner for the Californians. Several oil companies took me out to lunch. Other lobbyists had extra tickets to political dinners. One even gave away Redskins football tickets.

Then there’s the press. To reporters, you are the news. What you say—or write to a county commissioner—is important. It is no wonder that *U.S.A. Today* kicked off its inaugural issue with a gathering for virtually the entire power structure of Washington (which, unfortunately, I didn’t get invited to since I’d left the White House). The best restaurants were the settings for lunches with Washington bureau chiefs and White House correspondents. Calls frequently came in on particular issues, and it was up to me what I did or didn’t tell them. And when I visited my parents for the holidays, the local newspaper happily interviewed me.

In fact even foreigners recognized how important I was. A KGB agent from the Soviet Embassy took me to lunch during the transition, and called a few times afterward despite my refusal to return his calls, and sent me a Christmas card. And the State Department had me call several foreign embassies to impress them with how seriously the U.S. viewed one matter. They were, of course, duly impressed.

Great efforts are always made to greet the President in style on his return from trips abroad or around the country. Shortly after I left the White House last year a memo was circulated to all White House staff detailing the bus arrangements for staff and their guests, directions for those driving separately, and information on getting tickets for the arrival ceremony at Andrews Air Force Base.

Though ordinary White House staffers don’t get welcome-home ceremonies, life isn’t too hard. White House aides are often treated with even greater deference by other government officials than by outsiders. For example, when I was working on draft registration and military manpower issues, I had to approve some new Selective Service regulations. At the appointed hour I got in my government car and was driven across town to the Selective Service headquarters, where the Di-

rector met me in the lobby and escorted me to a conference room where the Deputy Director, Counsel, and a staff attorney were waiting. I dominated the meeting with my questions and concerns, left with the Director escorting me downstairs and offering to take me on a tour of the computer facilities whenever I liked, and got into my waiting car.

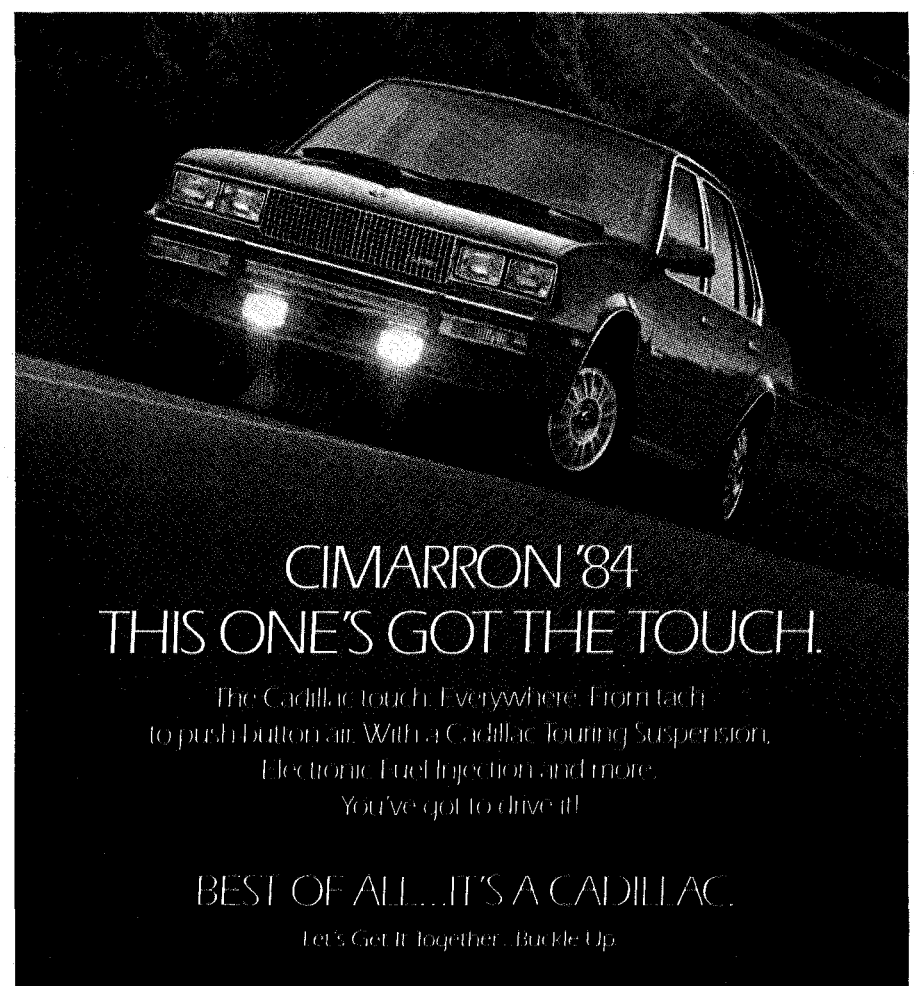
One time I called a senior Selective Service staffer but had to hang up before I was connected to him. He frantically called around until he located me, and apologized for our being cut off. Another time I called the then-Acting Director; his secretary brightened up considerably when she heard my name.

The treatment I received at the State Department was only slightly less ostentatious. During the incessant guerrilla warfare on the Administration’s tough position against the Law of the Sea Treaty, I was frequently asked to attend meetings to set down the party line. I usually arrived, delivered my message in firm tones, and quickly departed. After one such session, I received several phone calls from representatives of the State

Department and other departments asking me about my comments; it seems that one sentence I had rather innocently uttered had “really set off the meeting.” They wanted me to find out if the White House was going off on some new tangent.

Later, to impress both our delegates from other departments and foreign delegates, I was asked to attend a couple of the Law of the Sea conferences. The State Department sent me first class, of course. I was exempt from routine delegation chores, and was able to push myself into meetings that representatives of regular agencies couldn’t.

The Defense Department used the little things to emphasize the importance of White House staffers: A daily clipping service is circulated with little extras dropped in on a day’s notice. The military people throughout the White House complex are polite, deferent, and full of “yes sirs.” When the Pentagon put on an exercise simulating a future energy crisis, a full colonel came by to brief me, the participants were treated to lunch and a reception, and we all received sev-



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eral photos, courtesy of the taxpayers, to remember the sessions by.

Finally, most agencies firmly believe in the White House's right to know, if not the public's right to know. A friend of mine, who edited a political magazine, wanted a copy of the State Department's white paper on El Salvador. "Sorry," they said. "We're out." My assistant called them, and two copies were promptly sent over. Later on, one of the anti-draft-registration groups requested a copy of a Selective Service report. The response was the same: "We can't find one." Oddly enough, they'd had no trouble previously finding a couple of copies for me.

Being treated so well tends to encourage you to treat other people like the inferiors they obviously are. One high official wanted to see me for five minutes at a particular time; I ended up leaving a meeting across town, spending 15 minutes driving to the White House, running in and out for an instruction that could have been handled by phone, and spending 15 minutes driving back across town. One middle-level staffer I knew was entrusted by his boss with a critical mission: to hand-carry a manuscript across

***Being treated so well
tends to encourage
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town for another official to look at. And then there was the person who always had his secretary get me on the line before he'd get on, and always wanted me to come up to his office to meet. But perhaps most disturbing is the fact that what bugged me most was not that he did it, but that he did it to me, since I was higher in the hierarchy than he.

The perks, the way people treat you, the atmosphere—all of this would be funny were it not so important in shaping the attitudes of the people who shape national policy. The loss of perspective is understandable. Just think. Your work is important. What you think is important. You are important. And you become even more important by doing things. Time and again people, in complete seri-

ousness, would justify their own empire-building as being "for the President." No stone should be left unturned "for the President." And most of them really believed it.

Perhaps our one satisfaction is the knowledge that every government official will be out one day. Hamilton Jordan, in his memoirs, relates Inauguration Day, 1981, when the Carters and their entourage were flown to Georgia. Suddenly Jordan had to figure out how to get forty miles away; "it had been years since I had to worry about such details." He had to hitch a ride with a friend. So, too, will every current White House aide have to worry about details one day.

Perhaps we should adopt the practice of the Romans so many centuries ago. They gave their Caesars returning from foreign victories a triumphal march along the Via Appia, just as we give our Presidents a parade down Pennsylvania Avenue. But in Rome a slave continually whispered in the conqueror's ear, *Sic transit gloria mundi* ("All worldly glory is fleeting"). A former White House aide could serve in the same role today. In fact, I'd be happy to volunteer. □



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First Church of Christ Socialist

LLOYD BILLINGSLEY

WITH THE Catholic bishops getting most of the attention in debates over nuclear and political morality, the evangelical Left has been almost totally overlooked. Anyone who has regarded the evangelicals as a bastion of conservatism need only leaf through the two main monthly publications of "radical" Christians—*The Other Side* and *Sojourners*—to see otherwise.

Based in Philadelphia and co-edited by John Alexander, *The Other Side* bills itself as "a magazine focusing on peace, justice, and economic liberation from a radical Christian perspective." *Sojourners*, formerly the *Post-American*, operates out of Washington with a wider circulation and higher profile. Its list of contributing editors includes John Alexander (of *The Other Side*), Daniel Berrigan, Garry Wills, Senator Mark Hatfield, and well-known evangelical theologians Clark Pinnock and John R. W. Stott. *Sojourners* is edited by Jim Wallis, the author of *Agenda for Biblical People* and *The Call to Conversion*.

So much for the differences; the magazines are nearly indistinguishable in content and format. They constitute, for the most part, a recycling of the partisan Left and Sixties radicalism. The cover type tends to say a great deal: "Maybe We Should Say We Are Sorry" (after the Iranians took the hostages); "Assault on the Poor" (after the Reagan budget); and "The U.S. War in Central America" (ongoing).

The central tenet of the radical evangelicals is that "God is on the side of the poor." On the other side is the vast majority of Americans. "This country has always assumed that people are poor because they are worthless and worthless because they are poor. But at no time in the last fifty years has this assumption been as blatantly and popularly expressed as it is now in the Reagan budget," wrote Jim Wallis.

Jacques Ellul, a French theologian often quoted by both magazines when he agrees with them, points out in his book *Violence* that revolutionary Christians defend only the "interesting" poor, "whose defense is really an attack against Europe, against capitalism, against the U.S. The uninteresting poor represent forces that are

considered passé. Their struggle concerns only themselves." Every issue of *Sojourners* and *The Other Side* exemplifies this double standard; the poor of the U.S., the Philippines, and South Korea are often mentioned, while the poor of Cuba and the Eastern bloc are ignored. In 1978, Jim Wallis wrote that the Vietnamese government had been "harsh" with the boat people, but added that some of these people had "adopted Western values" during the war.

The radical journals are often silent or negative regarding the long-standing philanthropic efforts of evangelicals—the numerous hospitals, orphanages, skid-row missions, and untold millions of dollars in donations. American-based foreign missions are sometimes portrayed as citadels of cultural imperialism.

The pacifism of radical Christians also has two sides. The Sermon on the Mount and other texts apply to anyone who believes he may, as a Christian, serve in his country's armed forces, but special exemptions are made for those engaged in class warfare. Witness an interview with a Sandinista apologist in *The Other Side: Question: "Was the relocation of the Miskito Indians a violation of human rights?" Answer: "One could argue that it was . . . it was a long walk . . . people were upset . . . militarily it was a move that had to be made." Every benefit of the doubt is extended to socialist regimes, even, in certain cases, the USSR—"Most Americans are not aware that we once invaded Russia, but the Soviet people have never forgotten it" (*Sojourners*, November 1982).*

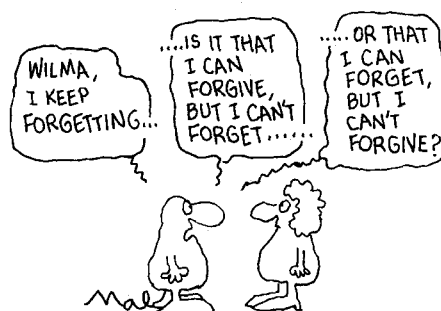
"The one enormous advantage of unilateral disarmament," writes John Alexander, is that it "makes all-out nuclear war

extremely unlikely." This is presented as the Christian view, with no space allotted to opposing perspectives, as is the practice of the evangelical magazines *Eternity* and *Christianity Today*. More often, a reference to another view runs something like this, from Gil Dawes of Christians for Socialism, writing on labor disputes in *The Other Side*: "I am concerned with those mealy-mouthed preachers, priests, and rabbis who say they don't take sides, that they minister to *all* sides . . . In this country, the mythological support for fascism is often right-wing fundamentalism."

In spite of such attacks, both fundamentalist and evangelical leaders have generally been charitable in their assessments of these radical publications. Bernard Ramm, a popular evangelical writer, characterized *Sojourners* as a last resort of "stern-as-death puritanism." Certainly the baleful graphics and heavy-handed sermonizing bear out this description.

WHY ARE certain evangelicals drawn to discarded radical causes and phantom kingdoms of heaven on earth of the type allegedly under construction in Nicaragua? A future Gibbon may have to explain; meanwhile, others have attempted to. George Orwell believed that extreme leftist creeds were rationalizations of emotional problems. Jacques Ellul observes that the defense of the poor, although prompted by Christian sentiments, often crowds out the rest of Christianity. At least one *Sojourners* subscriber has noticed this and writes in a recent issue, "The robust proclamation of justification by faith that used to undergird all the political writing is gone. The magazine has taken on an extremely self-righteous tone." Malcolm Muggeridge's judgment is the harshest. He sees the pacifists' adulation of the revolutionary as the little brow-beaten boy looking up to the big bully. People believe lies, Muggeridge insists, not because they are plausible, but because they want to believe them.

But there is hope. It was meeting the patriarchs of today's radical Christian movement—pacifists to a man—all prostrating themselves before Stalin in the Thirties that convinced Muggeridge that "no earthly solution could be found, no earthly battle won." The radical evangelicals may yet turn people to God. □

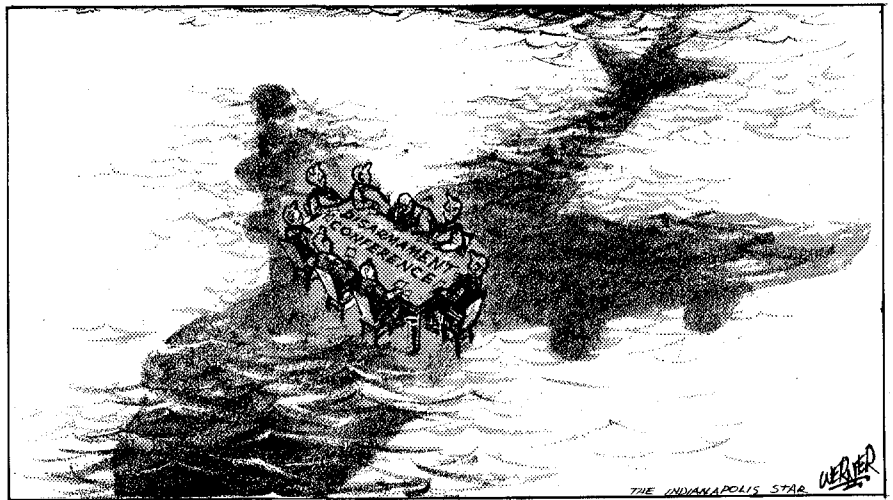
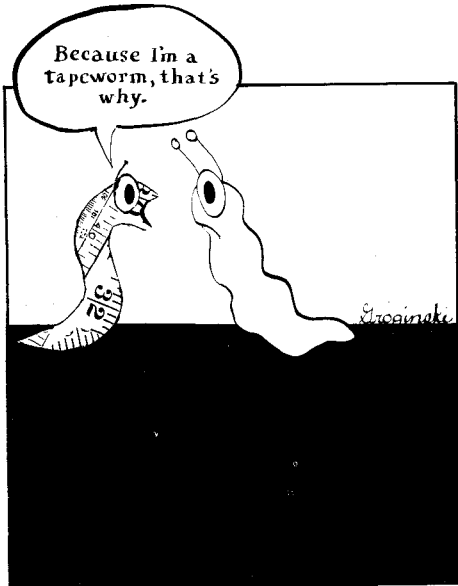


Mr. Billingsley is a journalist and novelist who lives in Southern California. His first novel, *Fear No Evil*, was published this spring by Ronald N. Haynes Publishers.

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OMINOUS SHADOW



MAZZELLA Chicago Tribune

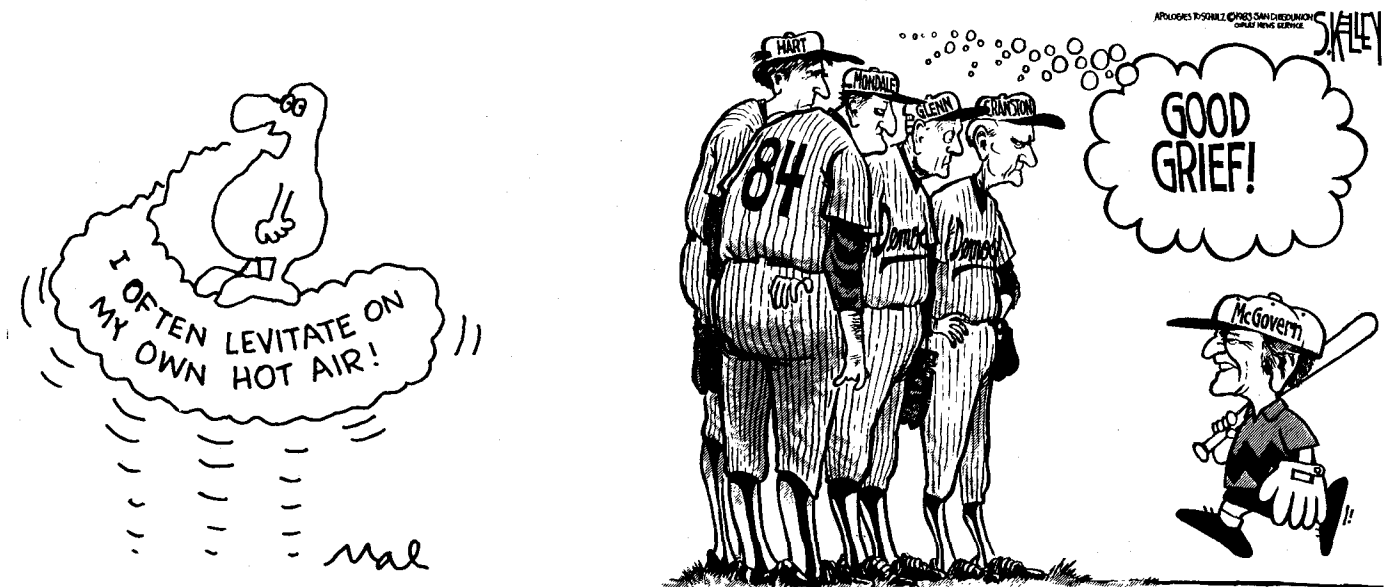




Upbeat in Disneyland

There are those whose dark despair
Signals they no longer care.
Cheery White House staffers say
They'll return election day,
Just as Grumpy saw the light
After smooching with Snow White.

W. H. VON DREELE



Discussing the Here and Now

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE MONT PELERIN Society—with members of the local Fraser Institute, a like-minded “freedom philosophy” group, serving as hosts—convened in Vancouver, British Columbia, in August for its Western Hemisphere regional meeting. It was a most propitious place at a most propitious time. Already assured of a welcoming political climate (British Columbia threw out its “Allende” government some years ago), the visiting Mont Pelerinians took time out at the very start of their deliberations to listen to the news of important Canadian by-elections—particularly the election in central Nova Scotia, at the other end of the continent, that sent Brian Mulroney to the parliament in Ottawa. Mulroney is the new leader of the Progressive Conservatives, replacing the ineffectual Joe Clark. It had been embarrassing for the conservatives to sit in the Trudeau-dominated liberal parliament without a leader, but now that would change. Canadian polls have indicated that the popularity of Trudeau and his Liberal Party is running out; there is a distinct possibility that the next prime minister of Canada will be a conservative.

The by-election news greatly perked up the Mont Pelerinians’ Fraser Institute hosts. With the help of the ubiquitous Tony Fisher, the English enterpriser who specializes in starting new freedom institutes, the Fraser people have labored long and hard to convince Canadians that government intervention in business is always a problem and never a cure. Oil policy in Canada has been a prime example of Fraser contentions; it was interference from Ottawa in the business of oil-rich Alberta that sent all those drilling rigs back to Texas.

The Fraser influence was evident in the planning of the Mont Pelerin agenda, which was far heavier than usual in topicality. Instead of theorizing about monetarism, for example, the Mont Pelerin

speakers and “discussants” (an ugly name for commentators) concentrated on the actual behavior of governments in their efforts to control the money supply. The general verdict of a group of speakers that included Milton Friedman of the Hoover Institution in the United States and David Laidler, Michael Parkin, and Thomas Courchene from the University of Ontario in Canada was that monetarism had failed because of the erratic nature of its application. Democratic government makes it difficult to target the money issue with any consistency. In Canada, for example, there was gradualism interrupted in 1981 by a jamming on of the brakes. Friedman said, in effect, that our Federal Reserve was manned by a bunch of incompetents who could not legitimately be called monetarists. He called for abolition of the Fed. Astoundingly, this put Friedman on the same side of the fence as John Exter, the proponent of gold, who normally disagrees with him. Exter, too, said the Fed must go.

From Chile to the Bayou

The topicality of the Mont Pelerin agenda was manifested in two sessions on Chile, one planned and one improvised. The collapse of the attempt to combine a free economy with a military dictatorship is a sore point with Mont Pelerinians, for the Chilean failure has been attributed to the “Chicago boys,” disciples of Milton Friedman, who had had the confidence of General Pinochet. The Latin Americans in the society insisted that a true account of the Chilean failure would show that the Chicago boys had never had a free hand.

Professor Arnold Harberger of the University of Chicago, an advisor of the Chilean Chicago boys, put a major portion of the blame for the Chilean collapse on an inflexible labor law written when the country was still selling copper and prospering accordingly. The law mandated that any new labor contract must provide full cost-of-living adjustments from the date of any previous

contract. This made reductions in real wages illegal. When the bottom fell out of the international copper market, Chilean labor was left on a high plateau of good nominal wages but no jobs.

The second stumbling block for a Chilean recovery, as it was outlined by Sergio de la Cuadra of Santiago’s Catholic University, was a horrible banking situation. As far back as 1975 Chilean bankers had refused to bring their lending practices into line with Chicago-school theory. Instead of writing off portions of the bad loans they had accumulated, they continued to carry worthless securities on their books. No bank wanted to reduce its nominal capital. And, in the end, the central bank has had to come through with uneconomic bailouts.

In justice to what the Chicago boys had done for Chile, reducing a 1,000 per cent annual inflation rate to something below 20 per cent, the Latin Americans at the conference insisted that Chile was still much better off than the other nations in the so-called southern cone, particularly Argentina. With more realistic exchange rates Chile can come back. Its hydroelectric projects will make it less dependent on imported oil, and it has a fine fishing industry. The present clamor in Chile is as much for a return to democracy as it is for economic redress.

Still pursuing topicality, the Mont Pelerin agenda included a session on the gender gap. Brigitte Berger, the head of the Department of Sociology at Wellesley College, and Willa Ann Johnson of the Heritage Foundation both looked with disfavor on the idea, promulgated by the professional feminists, that women constitute a universal category. “Their lives, like those of everyone else,” said Dr. Berger about women, “are rooted in distinct traditions, groupings, and neighborhoods; they are influenced by distinct aspirations and norms.”

Miss Johnson expressed the same idea by saying she was “inclined to think that talk of the ‘women’s vote’ is much exaggerated. Women’s lives and interests are too diverse to make them captive to a politician’s appeal for support.” When it comes to grass-roots politics, said Miss Johnson, Phyllis Schlafly, with her Stop ERA crusade, had beaten the professional feminists at their own game. Proving, of course, that even activist women can have quite contrary goals.

In a postscript to the argument, a male, Walter Williams, made the nonprejudiced economic observation that the stereotyping of women often saved employers the

Mr. Chamberlain’s latest book, a literary autobiography, is A Life with the Printed Word.

expense of making a real study of individual capabilities.

On another topical day the Vancouver meeting was introduced to the so-called Bozeman gang. Professors Terry Anderson, John Baden, and Richard Stroup, all of whom teach at the Montana State University in Bozeman, came to make a case for private enterprisers taking charge of developing forest, wildlife, and "wilderness" properties that are now owned by the Federal Government. The Bozeman contingent was supported by Professor Borcharding of Claremont, California, and Campbell Watkins, the president of Data-Metrics Ltd. of Calgary, Alberta. The gist of their story was that publicly administered lands have been running down under the stewardship of government agencies. The U.S. Government owns 20 per cent of the country's land and 25 per cent of its forests. In the current market this property might be sold for more than a trillion dollars. In terms of ecology, the government behaves badly by permitting over-grazing on pasture lands. Harvestable trees are left to rot in the woods. Professor Borcharding, putting the ecological neglect into economic terms, said the net marketable rights of our public domain (timber, metals, and grazing) were "negative, by almost \$1 billion worth."

Stroup and Baden, representing themselves as the true heirs of conservationist Teddy Roosevelt and his chief forester Gifford Pinchot, argued that it would pay both ecologically and economically if the titles to some, not necessarily all, wilderness acres were to be transferred to respon-

sible private hands. Perhaps tongue in cheek, they suggested selling some of the federal domain to the Audubon Society, the National Wildlife Association, and the Sierra Club.

They had a good example to prove their point. The Audubon Society, which owns marshlands in Louisiana, leases natural-gas drilling rights on its property to oil companies under controlled conditions. Drilling is not permitted at times when it might interfere with the mating habits or the migratory schedule of the birds that are the Society's first concern. The money derived from the gas leasing goes to support the Audubon's wildlife preserves and other projects.

Ecological Concerns

Save for the public parks, the Federal Government is not particularly concerned about providing "amenities" for visitors on what it owns. It does not do as well as the International Paper Company in the South when it comes to reconciling tree-cutting patterns with the forage necessities of white-tailed deer, turkeys, rabbits, and quail. The International Paper Company has even added phosphorous to its acreage in order to increase the antler size of the deer for hunters.

The Bozeman gang was full of such examples. It even made a case for the "privatizing" of our now publicly owned streams. Terry Anderson, who has just written a book called *Water Crisis: Ending the Public Drought*, went to England and

Scotland for relevant evidence. There, he found, the "instream flow rights" are owned by private individuals, who rent out the fishing rights. They undertake to eliminate pollution from the rivers. Every owner of an instream flow right belongs to the Angler's Cooperative Association, which will bring suit against a polluter at the drop of a hat.

Terry Anderson tells the instructive story of a fellow Montanan, Rich McIntyre, whose company, Timberland Reclamations, specializes in improving trout streams. McIntyre does this by replanting the banks of neglected streams and by installing wing dams. He does it for profit, but the aesthetic and ecological value of his work is there for anybody to see.

On its "outing" day, the Mont Pelerin members and their Fraser Society hosts were taken by boat to a luncheon in Victoria, British Columbia's capital, on Vancouver Island. There they were picketed by a group that objected to anyone listening to a speech by William Bennett, the British Columbia premier, who told the luncheon group of his philosophical debt to the Fraser Society's books and pamphlets. Bennett's sin in the eyes of the picketers was that he was trying to cut the civil service back to the point where it could be supported by a bearable amount of taxation. The experience of being picketed, new to Mont Pelerin gatherings, was quite in keeping with the topicality of the entire week. It added a most zestful tang for those who had been criticizing the Mont Pelerin agenda of past years for being a bit too abstract. □



"LOOK HERE, SIMPKINS! COULD YOU CUT OUT THE REVERSE DISCRIMINATION?"

The Pope in Austria

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ALTHOUGH VIENNA is only five hundred miles from Rome, last month's visit by Pope John Paul II was the first papal visit to the city in more than two hundred years. The Pope's four-day visit coincided with two important Austrian celebrations: the Austrian National Catholic Assembly—or *Katholikentag*—and the tricentennial of the victory by the Christian armies of Europe over the Moslem Turkish invaders laying siege to Vienna.

The *Katholikentag* is a four-day series of rallies and meetings that takes place annually in Vienna. While it always draws large crowds, the crowds this year, thanks to the presence of the Pope, were immense.

The tricentennial of the Christian victory over the Turks had special significance for this Polish Pope. The Turks had first laid siege to Vienna in 1529, but failed to take the city. Their siege of 1683 was much larger—an army of some 300,000 Turks versus 24,000 defenders of what was then the capital city of the Holy Roman Empire (even though the emperor had fled). For two months the Turkish troops camped outside the walled city and fired their cannon against it. Victory would have been theirs had it not been for the arrival of eighty thousand Christian troops under the command of King Jan III Sobieski of Poland. Caught between the two armies, the Turks were forced to retreat. (Among the spoils were sacks of a greenish sort of beans that, when roasted and brewed, became coffee, to which the Viennese still have a special addiction.)

Had Vienna fallen, it would have been a catastrophic blow for all Christendom. There was no other major obstacle to keep the Turkish armies from sweeping through Austria and southern Germany and even France. Christian civilization would have come to an end. Had it not been for the courageous Viennese and the combined Christian forces, the ladies of Paris might today be living in harems and the muezzin be heard calling Pari-

sians to prayer from the mosque that was Notre Dame Cathedral.

In his speeches, John Paul II made efforts to "spiritualize" this largely Polish victory, but his audience remembered that it was a Turk who nearly murdered him two years ago. And most of them remembered that the Pope's father had served in the Austrian army and that, had he been born two years earlier, little Karol Wojtyla would have been an Austrian citizen (as was St. Pius X).

Austria is a typically Catholic country in that the culture is Catholic but the practice of the faith is very lax. The government (which legalized abortion) is predominantly Socialist, and there is a small but vociferous anti-clerical youth group. Though Austrians are noted more for a charming self-indulgence than for steadfast loyalty, it was not only the "good Catholic" Austrians, but non-Catholic Christians, and even outsiders as well, who enjoyed the papal visit. The Greek Orthodox bishop of Vienna offered a special service for the occasion.

THE GOVERNMENT came out in force for the Pope's arrival and his departure. Austrian President Rudolf Kirchschläger got a papal kiss on both cheeks. At his meeting with representatives of the arts and sciences, the universities and the mass media, the Pope got one ovation after another.

In his first major address, given at Vienna's *Heldenplatz*—Heroes' Square—near the palace from which the Habsburgs reigned, John Paul sketched some historical perspectives. He reminded listeners that even convinced Christians had taken part in the persecution of "sons and daughters of Abraham." He spoke of Europe "from the Atlantic to the Urals" (reaching deep inside Russia) as a primarily Christian creation. "Among the elements of Christian faith," the Pope said, "it is in particular the Christian conception of man that has left its mark on European culture. The belief that man

is made in the image of God, and that he has been redeemed by Jesus Christ, the Son of Man, has founded the respect and dignity of the human being, and the respect of his right to a free development in human solidarity, upon the history of salvation. It is thus only logical that the universal rights of man were first formulated and proclaimed in the Western world."

The Pope contrasted the Christian influence on the creation of Europe with the "dark and terrifying traits" that have also marked its history. "Millions of people have been killed on grounds of their race, their nationality, their convictions, or simply because they were deemed undesirable. It is a depressing thought that Christians were among those who oppressed and persecuted their fellow man."

Among the other high points was John Paul's encounter with Austrian workers and guest-workers from Croatia, Slovenia, Turkey, and parts of Asia, whom he greeted in several languages—including a haltingly pronounced Turkish. The Pope praised Austria's social system, including its extremely reasonable trade unions (Austria has practically no strikes; two years ago 84 working hours were lost when a factory with 42 employees struck for two hours). The Pope also visited the House of Mercy, a Catholic hospital for the incurable and gravely handicapped, where the most moving scenes took place. Recalling his own recovery from the assassination attempt, the Pope noted that the "sickroom teaches people as much as classrooms and lecture halls."

The Pope used various opportunities to emphasize Austria's historical connections with the eastern regions of Central Europe. Among the bishops from those regions only one was absent: Prague's Cardinal Frantisek Tomasek. Czech authorities, it is said, would not permit any of their religious leaders to attend the conference.

Finally, let us look briefly at the Pope himself. He has written plays and poetry. He was a manual laborer and an amateur actor. His PhD dissertation was on the German philosopher Max Scheler, a lapsed Catholic. He's a theologian, philosopher, statesman, diplomat. He has a warm heart and a fine sense of humor. Above all, he is a man of principle. He follows the advice of Stanislaw Leo, a conservative Polish Jewish thinker: "Whoever wants to go to the source has to swim against the current." John Paul is a wonderful swimmer. □

Books Arts & Manners

Should We Kill Killers?

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Ernest van den Haag is distinguished by his talent for thinking straight on any issue. John P. Conrad is a distinguished criminologist with practical experience in state and federal penal systems; he is literate beyond his specialty, and he has the additional advantage of having witnessed an execution.

The differences in background, style, and emotional intensity make for an interesting debate on the death penalty, but also a disappointingly inconclusive one. The argument ranges over familiar aspects of the subject—deterrence, poverty and crime, the Constitution, retribution, rehabilitation—but at times it is repetitious and quibbling. *The Death Penalty: A Debate* offers marginal clarifications. The reader who hopes for a clear resolution, however, will find it unsatisfying, even unduly narrow in its focus.

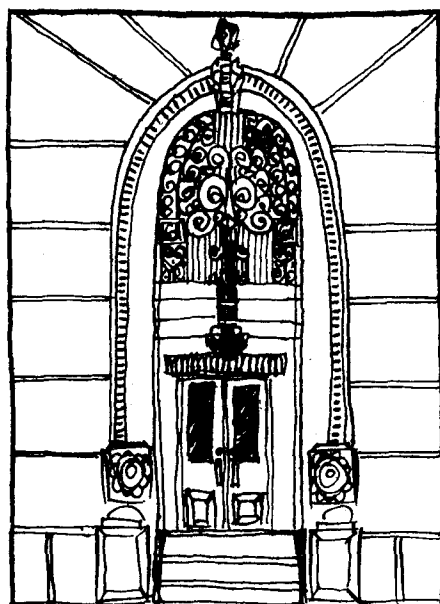
Van den Haag and Conrad have large areas of agreement. They both think poverty is in some sense a contributing factor to crime; they both disdain the sentimental notion that prisons can rehabilitate the sort of people who wind up in them. For a liberal, Conrad is refreshingly hard-headed; as a professional criminologist, he has no inclination to censure the penal system for failing to inspire the incarcerated thug to resolve, upon release, to make an honest living as a cobbler.

Conrad calls himself a “retributivist,” who believes that prisons should punish, and, by punishing, deter others from crime. But by this he means that crime should be punished in some proportion to its gravity, not that we should seek to give the evildoer his perfect desert. As we can’t rob the robber or rape the rapist, so, he argues, we should not seek the false symmetry of killing the killer. He is repelled by the sheer finality of the death penalty, which he says “presume[s] a total identification [of the murderer] with evil.” For even a murderer remains, as long as he lives, a human being who is “capable of change.” Conrad deems a life sentence a sufficient deterrent for “those who know what that experience does to the prisoner.”

Van den Haag raises the obvious objections to this rather woolly line of thinking: Nobody proposes perfect symmetry (torture-murderers are not to be tortured to death), and the judgment that a man’s

crime forfeits his right to live is not a judgment that his whole nature is depraved. Who knows what a life sentence “does to the prisoner”? I don’t. Do you? Does the man deliberating whether to kill for profit? Van den Haag points out that many lifers begin their sentences confident of early parole or a chance to escape.

We can easily imagine a prospective criminal being deterred by the difference



The Death Penalty: A Debate
By Ernest van den Haag and
John P. Conrad

Plenum, 305 pp., \$16.95

between the risk of a) life in prison, with the chance of freedom somewhere along the way, and b) execution. No doubt a man faced with the *certainly* of either a) or b) would be deterred, while he might think the *remote* risk of either worth the foreseen profit. So what is the actual marginal difference between the two deterrents?

Here is the center of the debate. Conrad admits that his revulsion against the death penalty is so strong he would oppose it even if he were convinced of its deterrent value. But since he can’t communicate this personal sentiment to anyone who doesn’t already share it, the factual question becomes the crux.

ISAAC EHRLICH produced a famous and controversial study purporting to prove that the actual use of the death penalty does deter. He found that over one period each execution seemed to prevent as many as nine murders. This conclusion is hotly disputed. Conrad sides with Ehrlich’s critics; van den Haag thinks the critics have been answered by Ehrlich himself. Neither, alas, can adduce the evidence or analysis that has persuaded him; it is apparently too technical for this book. So the reader is left to wonder. (Van den Haag gains a slight edge by pointing to an increase in the number of murders of strangers—murders presumably motivated more by calculation than by irresistible passion—during the time over which the death penalty has fallen into disuse.)

Having opened the key empirical question without settling it, both Conrad and van den Haag fall back on less compelling arguments. Each calls the other

Thomas Mallon is a professor of English at Vassar. . . . Ellen Wilson is book editor at the Wall Street Journal.

"wishful." Conrad speaks of van den Haag's "misanthropic fallacy," the notion that we are all "potential murderers," when the real cause of crime is "the desperation of the underclasses"; he appeals rather lamely to "decency and good conscience," without having shown that the abolitionist side has a corner on either. Van den Haag asserts that the death penalty is "just" and therefore legitimate to employ, on the common-sense presumption that "harsher penalties are more deterrent than milder ones."

I give van den Haag the edge in this debate, but not by the margin I expected to. My summary hasn't done justice to Conrad's eloquence or to the weight of his experience with criminals. And despite stretches of ennui, there are many fascinating incidentals, like the information that in one year the State of New York suffered 100,000 auto thefts but sent only six car thieves to prison. Facts like that make the area covered by this debate seem almost trivial.

One feels, with Conrad, that what we really need is not so much *this* deterrent—the death penalty—but *any* deterrent. (Van den Haag would probably agree.) And a functioning death penalty is probably less the expression of a rational conclusion as to its efficacy than of society's sheer will to defend its members. If we have to debate these things, we have already lost our will.

The crime rate may reflect the perception of the absence of that will by people in a certain milieu—what the Victorians would have called "the criminal classes"—rather than an aggregate of individuals prudently consulting the criminal code before deciding how to behave. Habits of behavior are socially contagious. My guess is that the welfare system accounts for more criminal energies than the legal system can contain. Again, van den Haag might agree, but Conrad, liberal though he is, seems to have a better grasp of this, if only because he is more emphatic about the importance of social environment.

It is also interesting to ask whether the death penalty—simply as an expression of social will—might help deter crimes *other* than murder, even if it were restricted to murderers. If so, it is a point worthy of van den Haag's incisive audacity. It would have deepened and enlivened the debate. But there's always a next time, usually. □

Confession of a Catholic

By Michael Novak

Harper & Row, 206 pp., \$12.95

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS

ELLEN WILSON

This is a book written in so large a spirit that reservations seem like caviling. Michael Novak is generous in acknowledging his own faults—particularly errors of judgment during the post-Vatican II wars between Catholic liberals and traditionalists—and he is generous in acknowledging the contributions of others.

Michael Novak began his career clamoring for an "open Church" and now writes dissenting letters to the radical *National Catholic Reporter*, criticizes the Maryknoll order for revolutionary activities south of the border, and hymns the virtues of democratic capitalism. *Confession of a Catholic* is his "account of my faith, written in the presence of God, which can be sized up by myself and others." It is organized as a meditation on the Nicene Creed, allowing him to translate the formal phrases of Christian orthodoxy (C. S. Lewis's "mere Christianity") into his own understanding of Catholicism.

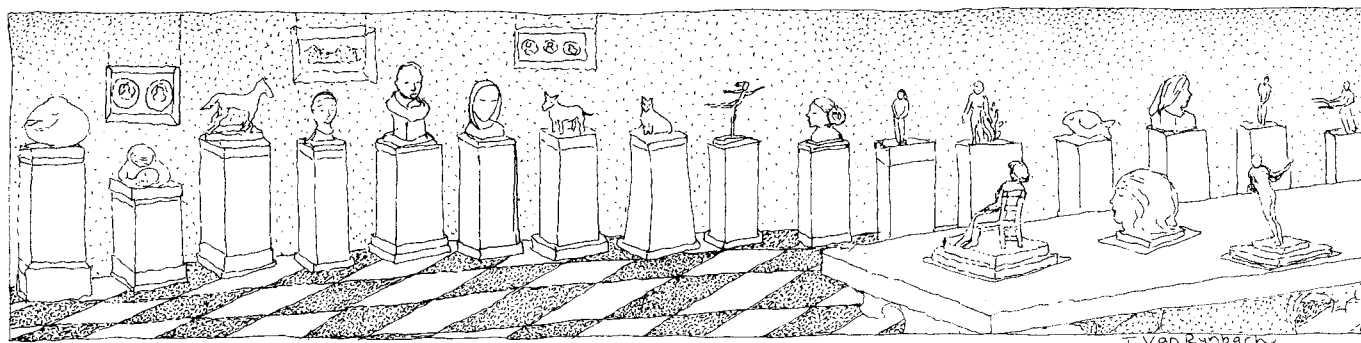
That Catholicism, as he takes pains to explain, is not quite traditionalist and not quite liberal. Traditionalists will have legitimate difficulties with Mr. Novak's demurrals on the Catholic position on birth

control. He marshals the arguments against *Humanae Vitae* lucidly and persuasively, maintaining that "I do not see heroism in abstinence under conditions of married life, although I do see it under conditions of celibacy." The consequences of this view, according to Mr. Novak, are that "those who hold similar views must continue to make this argument within the Church, defending all the traditional values better than the current teaching in fact defends them. If we are correct, Church authority will eventually recognize the point. If not, we have tried neither to scandalize others nor to defy authority but to follow where conscience leads."

Unfortunately, he doesn't discuss the even more controversial corollaries of this view, such as whether he or another Catholic can in conscience *practice* (as opposed to *preaching*) birth control while making his argument to an as-yet-unconvinced Church hierarchy. And what responsibility does he acknowledge for the effects of his public disagreement on an ordinary Catholic, unsure of how to behave? What are his reasons for regarding birth control as an item to which, as a Catholic, he need not give external assent? Such lacunae will be sure to bother the orthodox Catholic, whether securely anti-contraceptive or himself troubled.

Some of Mr. Novak's other concerns will be more congenial to the traditionalist. He tactfully but firmly goes on record against investing God with "she" pronouns: "God is the Father, Jesus is the Son, and Jesus Himself, gentle as a woman and in many ways closer to women than to men in His life, taught us to address God, not as 'Our Mother who art in Heaven,' but as 'Our Father.'" Most readers will feel his extended treatment of this topic to be overkill; it is perhaps evidence of his special concern for the good opinion and right thinking of his theologically radical former associates.

What is more moving, to me at least, is Mr. Novak's keen regret at the loss of the Latin Mass and the substitution of an aesthetically depraved liturgy:



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RANDOM NOTES

■ **LAST OCTOBER TITLES:** *Fiasco: The Real Story behind the Disastrous Worldwide Energy Crisis—Richard Nixon Oilgate* (Times, \$16.95), by Jack Anderson with James Boyd, argues that as long as the U.S. maintained its oil reserves it had the Middle East oil companies where it wanted them and blames President Nixon for not increasing that reserve with sufficient promptitude. (About that title: They don't make songwriters like they used to.) . . . *Delta Force: The U.S. Counterterrorist Unit and the Iran Hostage Rescue Mission* (Harcourt Brace, \$14.95), by Colonel Charlie A. Beckwith (U.S.A. Ret.) and Donald Knox, is an account of the training of Delta Force and of its botched performance in Iran. Beckwith—who was the Army commander of the ground forces of the ill-fated rescue mission—attributes its failure, in large part, to poorly planned and executed support.

■ **SOME NOVEMBER TITLES:** In *The Bar-*

When I was young and brash, we used to poke fun at the saccharine hymns used at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Yet those hymns were formal and cold compared to the folk songs sung today, cloying the soul with peace, love, joy, and happiness, sounding hardly a note of tragedy, death, and sin. Pangloss could hardly ask for happier liturgies.

This is a clear reminder that many who preached liturgical reform before Vatican II did not intend the regime under which Catholics now suffer. Smarting traditionalists may not be able to summon up much sympathy for the unwitting agents of liturgical disaster, but presumably the Lord will forgive them, for they knew not what they did.

Mr. Novak's confession of faith is at times idiosyncratic, but it is also astringent and self-demanding. His early association with the cutting edge of the Catholic Left is evident principally in a disturbing tendency to take up a position equidistant from Left and Right, while repeatedly expressing warm admiration for the talents and personal integrity of members of the former. Perhaps this is sentimental attachment; perhaps partly a fear of being co-opted by the Right; largely, I think, it is simple uncomfotableness with the "rigidity" of the traditionalist mind.

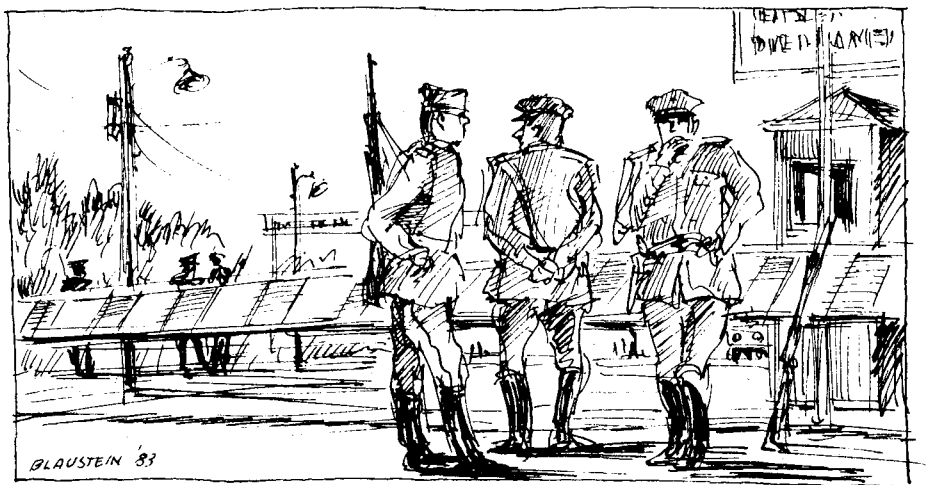
Still, it would make me easier in my own mind if he would acknowledge somewhere the qualitative difference between a

baric Counterrevolution: Causes and Cure (University of Texas Press, \$13.95) W. Rostow argues that since 1979 tight-money policies in Washington have brought about a "barbaric counterrevolution" that has caused suffering and economic hardship in American society. . . . Eliot Janeway, in *Prescriptions for Prosperity* (Times, \$19.75), calls for government intervention in the economy as well as overseas, as a cure for the present-day economic malaise. . . . *The Presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson* (University Press of Kansas, \$25), by Vaughn Davis Barnet, is a political history of Johnson's five years in office, praising the President's achievements in social legislation (though Barnet believes there was too much of a good thing) and criticizing his conduct of the Vietnam War (Johnson, "too solicitous of public opinion," failed to use selective force to the proper degree).

W. H. Auden: *In the Autumn of the Age of Anxiety* (Permanent Press/Franklin Watts, dist., \$9.95), by Alan Levy, is one of the few books written about the poet since his death a decade ago. —CW.

radical Catholic who denies or explains away elemental church doctrine (I'm thinking of such things as Gospel miracles, the Resurrection, the Virgin Birth) and a traditionalist hostile to new ideas or forms of expression. That the former may make a more congenial faculty member (or even a better person) is not the point. Surely some of the theologians he quotes, some of those he argues with over God's gender or the establishment of God's kingdom in Nicaragua, have crossed a line that matters intensely, a line that even the crankier traditionalists, for all their faults, have not crossed.

Mr. Novak, for all his faults, has not crossed it either; that is one reason for reading this often annoying, sometimes moving, book. □



FICTION

Double Crossing

By Erika Holzer

Putnam, 291 pp., \$13.95

ONE BRIDGE TOO MANY

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

It ends as it starts, on the Glienicker Bridge, which is half in East Berlin, half in West Berlin. The East Germans call it the Bridge of Unity, but back then, in 1945, GIs stationed in Berlin called it the Bridge of Freedom, since Germans caught in the East at the end of the war could slip over it to freedom in the West. They called it that until the day that five Ukrainian children—survivors of a Nazi concentration camp, who had been freed, befriended, and hidden for a while from the Soviet authorities by an advance American patrol—died there. As they were being marched across the bridge to captivity, the oldest child, a 12-year-old girl, broke free from her Russian guard and hurled herself over the balustrade into the river, still clutching a three-year-old in her arms. Three more children followed her to their deaths. Watching, horror-struck, was a 19-year-old American soldier, Pfc. Kurt Brenner, the man who betrayed them.

Thirty years later, Dr. Kurt Brenner, the world-famous heart surgeon, is back on the bridge, a fugitive on the run from the KGB and the East German secret police. Dr. Brenner had been invited to East Berlin ostensibly to demonstrate an advanced surgical technique. But the real purpose of KGB Colonel Aleksei Andreyev in tendering the invitation is to

blackmail Brenner into defecting from the capitalist imperialist United States to the peace-loving socialist world. This would be a shattering propaganda coup for the USSR and would look not bad at all on the record of a certain Colonel Andreyev, whose parents had been Enemies of the People. But much has gone wrong with Colonel Andreyev's plan in the last 48 hours. Now, to save his own neck, he must capture Brenner's wife and, more important by far, her Soviet companion, Andreyev's own brother.

Dr. Brenner can do one of two things: He can hold his tongue long enough for his journalist wife, Adrienne, and Dr. Kiril Andreyev, concealed in a flatbed truck, to try to punch through the barrier to safety; or he can betray them, save his own life, and return home certain for the first time in thirty years that the evidence of his betrayal of the Ukrainian children (and his murder of an Army buddy to cover that treachery) has been destroyed.

Double Crossing—an inspired title for Erika Holzer's first novel, which is about double dealings, double crossings from East to West, and doubles (people who look alike)—is intricately plotted, the story weaving back and forth through the lives of a half-dozen Americans, Germans, and Russians whose fate will be decided on the Bridge of Unity, late one April afternoon, by a man who, for most of his life, has been known as Kurt Brenner. If there is a structural weakness to the book it is that the author may have tipped her hand too early in the narrative as to Dr. Brenner's real identity. But that's a relatively minor flaw. The story carries us swiftly past that sticking point as crisis succeeds crisis, and Colonel Andreyev's tapestry starts to unravel in unexpected ways.

Mrs. Holzer's narrative skills are very impressive for a first-time novelist—she is a lawyer by profession—and her characters are remarkably well rounded, but there's nothing complicated in the least about her values. In *Double Crossing*, good guys believe in liberty and are ready to fight and die for it. Bad guys are devious, tyrannical, and brutal. Communism is evil, Western liberalism good. An American can be flawed—as is Dr. Brenner, who never does understand the importance or the meaning of freedom or why his wife feels so intensely about it. A Russian can surmount his own weaknesses—as does Kiril Andreyev, the hero of the book—if his values are worthwhile.

Kiril's entire life has been a deception, an effort to be an anonymous cipher—nothing more—in a regimented state that

demands conformity in every area of a man's life. One idea only sustains him: that someday he will be able to slip through the Iron Curtain and live the rest of his life in freedom. For this, he tells himself, he will be able even to kill. But when he has reached the West, landing at the Zurich airport, Kiril finds that even freedom can come too dear if it means abandoning those who wittingly or unwittingly helped him to escape. He is soon flying back to East Berlin to attempt the rescue of Kurt and Adrienne Brenner.

It's a cracking good yarn, and one wonders why Erika Holzer had as much trouble as she did finding a publisher. Was it because *Double Crossing* is too black and white, too anti-Communist in an accommodationist world? Very possibly. *Double Crossing* finally came out on September 9, 1983, more than four years after it was first sent to a publisher and one week after the KAL massacre, an event that opened many eyes to what Erika Holzer has been talking about.

There's an intensity, a passion in *Double Crossing* that is unusual in espionage novels. It may spring from the fact that Erika Holzer is more familiar than most Americans with the stress that even the prospect of having to live in the USSR can cause an individual. The most famous (if least profitable) client of Erika Holzer's lawyer husband, Mark Henry Holzer, is 16-year-old Walter Polovchak, "the littlest defector," the Ukrainian boy who chose not to return to the Soviet Union when his parents did three years ago. □

The End of the World News

By Anthony Burgess

McGraw-Hill, 389 pp., \$15.95

HOLEY TRINITY

THOMAS MALLON

The worst bit of news about the future is that they're going to name an airport after John Lindsay. The second worst is that the world is going to end after a rogue planet named Lynx plays havoc with the earth's tides and then, after a sneaky retreat around the sun, comes back for a direct apocalyptic hit. *The End of the World News*, Anthony Burgess's 26th or so novel (counts may vary), does not, however, find this a big enough subject by itself. Alternating with this Lynx story is a biography of Sigmund Freud (intend-

ed as background for a TV docu-drama) and the script for a musical about Trotsky's visit to New York in 1917.

All clear so far? If not, consult the foreword: Pulling these three works together is the Nabokovian conceit of a literary executor named John B. Wilson, who explains how he found the three manuscripts together—along with his author's notes on a picture of Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter watching three television screens simultaneously, and a copy of a letter declaring that the great events of the past century were "the discovery of the unconscious by Sigmund Freud, the Trotskyian doctrine of world socialism, and the invention of the space rocket (physical, as opposed to merely psychological or ideational, transcendence of our dungy origins)." They're all end-of-the-world kinds of events. They go together.

Oh, please. Gentle reader, I defy you to take any three novels from your bookshelves and fail to fashion among them any spurious thematic links you wish. So let's get any pretense that there's a point to this trinity disposed of right away.

But, that being done, stay a minute. Anthony Burgess is too nimble a writer to give up on so quickly. He may know how to write a bad book, but he finds it very hard to write a bad page. *The End of the World News*, a whole that is decidedly less than the sum of its parts, remains full of silly incidental pleasures and satisfying verbal comedy.

The Freud "material" is often very intentionally funny in the way that historical mini-series so often unintentionally are. The doctor's on-the-couch breakthroughs with soon-to-be textbook neurotics are simplified into comic-book eureka ("How could you know that—how could you guess?"); his squabbling disciples drive him *meshuge* ("Are you too turning against me, Anna? Is there nobody left who's loyal?"); he's got a Jewish-mother mother; and when his wife tells him to stop with the cigars already, she says he's like "a big baby, sucking away."

As for the Trotsky show, the lyrics are as clever as anything out of *Evita*. Two czarist functionaries in New York, getting word of the Revolution, sing:

KAMARIN: *We'll get two cloth caps
At a sale on Second Avenue.
Then we'll rub doits
On our shoits.*

DOKTOROV: *Swill beer from the taps
In a Fulton Street tavern
And learn how to float
With the skoits.*



And when Burgess gets back to the story of the spaceship that will take the lucky and talented off the earth before Lynx's Sunday punch, he gets a chance to roll off, expertly, a lot of sci-fi lingo about "tangential glance-off" and things like that.

In his criticism Burgess has written often and well about Shakespeare and Joyce. And sure enough, Courtland Willett and Valentine Brodie, an actor and a writer escaping from flooded New York to Kansas (the spaceship will take off from there), have more than a little of Falstaff and Prince Hal—as well as Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus—in them. In further homage to his literary gods, Burgess fills this book with puns and neologisms and freshly baked acronyms. Plenty of the jokes are groan-makingly witless—when Freud and colleagues eat garnished sausages, they munch "with relish and with relish"—but that's part of the fun. Supposedly, anyway; and often enough in fact. Burgess also occasionally throws in some lovely bits of lyricism. When the Canadian president of the Commonwealth of the Democratic Americas flies one last time over New York, we are told: "He was coming to the region where it all began—the seaboard where men had kissed the earth and cursed the sea and shaken fists at a Europe that had condemned them to poverty or the tyranny of fools and bigots. They had come seeking a living, peace, tolerance, slow in finding any of the three." These are beautiful sentences, not so far in feeling from the last ones in *Gatsby*. But in a few pages we're back to verbal end-runs and pratfalls.

Burgess's trouble is that he is too exuberantly gifted to be contained by even that great 18-wheeler of genres, the novel. He is bursting with doggerel and dactyls and data, and he can't bear not to get everything down, even if it means stitch-

ing three stories together with spaghetti instead of wire. He proffers this novel, precisely, as "an entertainment." It is a very likable, very inconsequential book. As Falstaffian Courtland Willett says to his writing sidekick, Val: "'Fine words, sound. They don't have to mean much, of course.'" □

FILM

\$3 BILL, £2 NOTE

JOHN SIMON

Certain decades are particularly nostalgia-provoking; they even acquire colorful names in retrospect: the Yellow Nineties, the Mauve Decade. For today's Americans, the most longing-laden decade is the 1960s, which may in due time earn its psychedelically colorful epithet. Such special decades must contain some revolution, real or imagined, in politics, social conditions, or culture; John Updike called the Sixties "the most dissentious American decade since the Civil War," and it had enough genuine protest and idealism in it—along with even more camp-following counterfeit—to inspire today's young-middle-aged to luxuriate in it with an exquisite sense of loss.

Unfortunately, this most up-to-date model of *illusions perdues* has turned into an instant cliché in the performing arts; it has produced a number of plays of which so far only one (Lanford Wilson's *5th of July*) has proved meritorious and is now beginning to yield movies that, if *The Big Chill* is any indication, are born old. Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote and directed the derivative and odious *Body Heat*, and scripted such stultifying blockbusters as

Raiders of the Lost Ark and *The Empire Strikes Back*, has now directed and (with Barbara Benedek) written his "most personal film." Reminiscent of John Sayles's feeble but at least modest *Return of the Secaucus Seven*, and displaying startling analogies with Kathleen Tolan's play, *A Weekend near Madison*, *The Big Chill* reunites seven close friends from University of Michigan days in the Sixties at the funeral, in some Southern town, of an eighth friend, Alex, who may have been the most gifted of all, but who, without leaving behind any explanation, committed suicide right in the summer house of two of his old buddies, Harold and Sarah, now married to each other.

Much of the film's maundering concerns why Alex did it. True, he kept changing professions, but he seemed to be good at everything—why, just the night before his suicide, he and his girlfriend, the very young and laid-back Chloe (Meg Tilly), had "fantastic" sex together. Of course, we never find out anything significant about Alex, though I am quite ready to believe that he was the most gifted of *this* lot. Harold (Kevin Kline) has become the head of a thriving shoe business, soon to do even better as part of a conglomerate; Sarah is a doctor (though none of her words or acts conveys it); and they have a couple of very nice houses and children. But there is implicit trouble: Sarah (Glenn Close) had a recent affair with Alex, and Harold is buying more and more redundant property.

SAM (Tom Berenger) has become the star of a popular TV series of which he is ashamed, and into which he desperately tries to inject morsels of artistic value. Meg (Mary Kay Place) is a lawyer who switched from defending the needy to remunerative corporation work. Her problem is finding a good relationship (which, apparently, is impossible), and she hatches the plan that, during this post-funeral weekend, one of her old, dear friends will beget a child on her. She is conveniently ovulating, and will, whoever should be the father, happily bring up the child herself. Michael (Jeff Goldblum), who hoped to write the great American novel, now scribbles sleazy pieces for the great unwashed in *People* magazine. He plans a big business venture in Texas and tries, unsuccessfully, to seduce all the weekend's women.

Karen (JoBeth Williams), now a bored housewife and mother, is married to a

square (Don Galloway), who, I must say, looks pretty good in this company. She tries to leave him for Sam, with whom she had a close nexus at college (unfulfilled, I believe, but the old relationships are rushed past us in a multiplicity so bewildering as to defy my halting memory), yet who, when she throws herself at him with love and lust, rejects her out of a sense of his own failure. Later, however, on a night ramble, these cold lovers consummate on the cold ground out of hate and briefly, what they could not do more lastingly out of love.

Nick (William Hurt), who did well as a psychologist on a call-in radio show, came back from Vietnam impotent—we don't know whether physiologically or psychologically, and do not much care—and he now drifts through a life of drug-pushing and TV-addiction and cynical detachment. Chloe, for whom the Sixties did not exist and who appears unaffected by her lover's death, floats through the weekend lives of these seven moral and intellectual dwarfs like a somewhat sullied but serene Snow White. She even ends up finding some mysterious form of happiness with Nick, which, like almost everything else in the film, must be taken on faith—thus, for instance, the notion that Sarah's encouraging her husband to impregnate Meg somehow brings spiritual fulfillment to all three of them. And guess what? Even Sam, Karen, and Michael come away slightly sobered up from this weekend where nothing more occurs than a few flare-ups and a lot of boozy horseplay. Having achieved so much by his suicide, even Alex may now be rotting away more purposefully.

Some of the acting, notably that of Tom Berenger and JoBeth Williams, is solid; Kevin Kline and Meg Tilly are acceptable as, in a rather boring way, is Miss Place. But Glenn Close exudes more relentless warmth than a radiator whose knob is stuck, William Hurt's excessive mannerisms could use a little castration, and Jeff Goldblum (who should only be cast in extremely repulsive roles) is too repulsive. Kasdan's direction is fluent enough, but his and Miss Benedek's screenplay is full of second-rate cleverness, third-rate melancholy, and first-rate holes. Though there are some well observed details and sporadically funny lines, most of *The Big Chill* is badinage: nostalgic badinage, smart-alec badinage, mock-heroic badinage, and would-be profound (nay, trag-

ic) badinage. It is as if seven tone-deaf *pagliacci* were trying to render "Laugh, Clown!" as a barbershop septet, while a younger acolyte (and neophyte) tried to accompany them on the marimba. John Bailey's cinematography is stylish; the backgrounds, indoors and out, are appetizing; and the soundtrack resonates with the pop music of the Sixties in what, by now, is the biggest and loudest cliché of all. The one talent Kasdan has is for slick, attitudinizing "significance." As talents go, it is one of the deadlier ones.

There is a kind of filmmaking that manifestly hates anything that smacks of coherence, warmth, humanity, even heterosexuality—of anything that, in less evolved times, we would have dared call morality. I am not saying that true works of art have not been achieved without some of those ingredients, only that for pretentious and unskilled hands to dispense with them spells disaster. So with the British film *The Draughtsman's Contract*, by Peter Greenaway, who wrote, directed, and drew the topographical drawings executed in the film by the eponymous draughtsman, Mr. Neville. This haughty and extreme-

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ly unpleasant upstart contracts to supply, in the summer of 1694, 12 drawings of the Herbert manor, which Mrs. Herbert proposes to give to her philandering husband, off on a trip that turns out to be a cover-up for his murder. The contract also allows Neville the use of Mrs. Herbert's body, which he sets to with the same despotic brutality with which he attacks his work: Whole areas have to be strictly evacuated while he draws them. Later Mrs. Herbert's daughter, who loathes her (equally) obnoxious German husband, enters on a similar contract with Mr. Neville, perhaps for a male heir, to prevent her husband from inheriting—but who can affirm anything here?

Mrs. Herbert angers the draughtsman by leaving irrelevant objects to clutter up his prospect, and he spitefully draws them in. These objects subsequently point to him as Herbert's killer. (Don't ask me why or how; in *Blow-Up*, from which the idea is stolen, things made a bit more sense.) Mrs. Herbert and her daughter may act out of hate for their husbands, Neville out of social spite against the upper classes—but, again, who knows? Residents and permanent or transient guests at the manor merely stuff themselves and insult one another in epigrams that Greenaway must take for Congrevian wit, but that are pure, witless malice in more or less eighteenth-century syntax. The plotting is inscrutable throughout, but the nastiness palpable and loathsome. For added humor, there is a naked man assuming the poses of various statues, including that of an over-age *manneken pis*.

Mr. Neville finally meets his sticky end with an implausibility that harmonizes with the rest in positively Palladian symmetry. Neither on him nor on anyone or anything else can we expend a far-

thing's worth of sympathy. The acting, even by reputable actors, is routine, and the film is not so much directed as corseted. The very cinematography has a hard, pinched look, as if it were all painted on tin. If this soulless, unmerry chase has a beast in view, it is, quite simply, the author. □

SOUND ON DISC

BACH SPEAKS TO GOD

RALPH de TOLEDANO

To compliments on his organ playing, Johann Sebastian Bach once responded, "There is nothing remarkable about it. All one has to do is hit the right notes at the right time, and the instrument plays itself." This is understandable from someone who could say, "*Es muss alles möglich zu machen seyn*"—which has been freely translated as "Everything must be possible." Put down the right notes in the right way, and you have great music. He would have been baffled by later composers who courted their inspiration by heavy breathing and a pawing of the psyche. It was his craft to compose, and so he did, working at it steadily. His religious compositions alone would suffice for any other composer—five sets of cantatas for all the Sundays and holy days of the year; five Passions and three oratorios; plus Masses, Magnificats, motets, and other larger and smaller works for church use.

Yet we forget in our awed admiration and respect for Bach's genius, and the unflagging beauty of his music, that when what some consider his greatest religious work, the *St. Matthew Passion*, was first

performed, there were critics who dismissed it as "operatic comedy." For a hundred years it was forgotten, until the twenty-year-old Mendelssohn resurrected it, and then it was greeted almost as if it were the second visitation of the Holy Spirit. Berlioz, who understood Bach with more precision than the worshippers, deplored this. To a friend he wrote, with an edge of petulance, that "God is God and Bach is Bach." This from a composer whose *Requiem* rattled the gates of Heaven!

Bach believed that the "aim and final reason" of all music is the "glory of God. . . . Where this is not observed, there will be no real music but only a devilish hubbub." Even in his most secular works, he was addressing God. My own view is that he was speaking more to God and to God's glory in the *B-Minor Mass* than in the *St. Matthew Passion*, but this may be a reflection of my own experience of vocal music. The Romance languages—Latin, Spanish, Italian, even the tighter French—are open-throated. German is not—and how can one speak freely to God with an umlaut caught in the throat? Bach coped superlatively with this difficulty—are my prejudices emerging?—but he could not completely surmount it. Perhaps he realized this, because it is always the violins that soften the sung language of the *Passion* when we are hearing Jesus Christ.

Nevertheless, the power, the beauty, and the cadence of the *St. Matthew Passion* cannot be gainsaid, however much more one may be transported by the Catholic *B Minor*. For me, there is recollection as well to heighten this reaction. I remember the tremendous excitement in the late 1930s when RCA Victor issued the first complete recording. Those were the days of 78 rpm shellacs, and the three muscle-challenging volumes of the *Passion*, with their awkward breaks as each record thudded down on the turntable, were something of a trial. But we had all of it! And now we have all of it again on three LPs, stereo, digitally recorded by Angel-EMI (DSCX-3934). It is an excellent traversal, beautifully paced and sung by the NDR choir and the Knabenchor Hannover, with the NDR Symphony Orchestra directed from the harpsichord by Raymond Leppard.

The *St. Matthew Passion* was grandly conceived—in 24 scenes, double choruses, chorales, concerted passages, arias, and recitatives. Yet underlying this structural complexity, there is the deep simplicity of a foursquare and personal religious statement—and this is how Leppard conducts.

Perhaps he is telling us that if you play the right notes at the right time, the music conducts itself, which of course it does not. The conductor must control, merge, and separate the many voices, instrumental or human. And he must make his singers aware that Bach's vocal scores were never meant to be the "essays in vocalization" set down by contemporaries. The ornamentation in the vocal parts, as the British critic Francis Toye noted many years ago, reflects an "instrumental bias, the influence of the organ remaining paramount." In his approach to the music he is conducting, Leppard remains as faithful to Bach's intent as is possible a quarter of a millennium after the *Passion* was composed.

In contrast to the *St. Matthew Passion*—Bach's most fervent Protestant and Germanic statement of belief—there is the *Mass in B Minor*, in which he reaches back in spirit 150 years to the Catholic expression of Pierluigi da Palestrina and Tomás Luis de Victoria. In 1733, Bach sent the first section of the *B Minor*, the "Kyrie" and the "Gloria," to the Catholic Elector of Saxony with a request for a court appointment, which he got three years later; and it is often said that his motivation was simply business-like. But it is impossible to listen to the *B Minor* and still cleave to that opinion. For one thing, Bach took his theology seriously, and I subscribe to the more reasonable explanation that he was making obeisance to the *catholicism* of the Roman Church.

After playing and replaying the *St. Matthew Passion*, I took down from the shelf the old but still great recording of the *B Minor* by Herbert von Karajan, also on Angel-EMI, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Nicolai Gedda among the soloists. Could business-like considerations have produced the tranquillity and exaltation of the "*Et in unum*" or the "*Et incarnatus est*"? Could a composer who believed that all music was a celebration of the glory of God have written what Sanford Terry called the "tremendous grandeur" of the "*Sanctus*" to get a court appointment? I say not. In the *St. Matthew Passion* Bach faced toward the Reformation, in the *B Minor* toward the Counter-Reformation. In the former he took a step forward, toward what would evolve into the paganism of Wagner. In the latter, he stepped back untypically to the mysticism of Victoria and the effulgence of Palestrina.

In both, he lay bare the unbuttoning of the bone that it is man's fate to know before he lifts his eyes and his heart to God. □

TRAVEL

THE END OF THE LINE

RICHARD BROOKHISER

A curly head, vaguely equine, popped over my right shoulder. "Excuse me. Is your book by John Steinbeck?"

I was reading *Middlemarch*. "No. It's by George Eliot."

"It looked like the John Steinbeck we read in school. I study English," the head explained. "Next year I go to Manchester. You have heard of Manchester?"

"Yes."

"In England. That's why I would like to practice my English."

"You speak very well." He didn't, but I wasn't going to be his Berlitz.

"You go to Fez?"

My wife and I were on the train from Rabat to Fez, on vacation in Morocco. "Yes, we're staying at the Palais Jamaï."

My wife looked daggers at me, and indeed I have a big mouth. Suppose he was a white slaver?

"It's a very good hotel." The head became excited. "May I call you there? If you need a guide . . . here is my student card . . ."

We disengaged with difficulty and

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tried to make a quick escape when the train pulled in. But it isn't easy to do anything quickly in Morocco. The country has two kinds of cabs—*petits taxis*, which may only travel within city limits; and *grands taxis*, which may go anywhere, but cost twice as much. There were only *grands taxis* outside the Fez station—and a host of freelance operators.

"Where you go?"

"I take your bag."

"Twenty-five dirhams."

One boy was genuinely helpful; he told us the Arabic for "Get lost." It didn't work.

So we stood for ten minutes in the gathering dusk, imagining the squib in the *International Herald Tribune*—"Journalist, Wife, Marooned"—until Horsehead drove up helpfully in a *petit taxi*, and we dived for a *grand taxi* and a rooking.

A WEEK AND a half later, we were shopping for a pair of earrings in Marrakech. "Shopping," in this context, had included sifting through twenty or thirty other pieces, drinking glasses of sweet mint tea with the shopowner, rejecting offers on various job lots, and finally settling on the pair we wanted. The owner held them up. "Silver."

They were in fact rusty. It didn't matter; we liked the way they looked.

The shopowner insisted. "You see this powder? Silver powder. When I rub, it turns shiny, that means it's silver." He rubbed. "Shiny."

It hadn't changed. "But it's not shiny."

He smiled. "Silver."

We spent three weeks in Morocco, enacting the scenes of touting and bargaining a hundred times. Yet there were compensations.

There was a time when Morocco was both a political power and a center of culture. But the *reconquista* cut it off from Christendom, while the Turkish sweep through northern Africa isolated it from the rest of the Moslem world, and for three centuries Morocco slumbered. The penultimate sultan, a bewildered young Westernizer, trailed in his retinue a watchmaker, a chauffeur, a fireworks expert, a lion-tamer, two photographers, and a bagpiper. His brother, depositor, and successor ruled along traditional lines, pickling the heads of his enemies and torturing their wives. France took his country away from him in 1912, and "protected" it for 44 years.

This history is important, however inglorious some of its details, for it gives

Morocco something that few of the struggling and squalid nations of the Third World have—an identity beyond the doodles of mapmakers or the fiats of bureaucrats. Moroccan soldiers have about the best *esprit de corps* in the Arab world. "They will fight for someone besides their brother and their father," an American diplomat in Rabat told me. Hassan, the present king (the title "sultan" was dropped in 1957), has weathered riots, drought, unemployment, and attempted coups, and managed to wrest the Spanish Sahara from his fellow monarch, Juan Carlos—though this victory had the effect of embroiling Morocco in a war with the Algerian-backed Polisario guerrillas.

The past provides most of the tourist's sights. Rabat, the small capital, has a museum of surprisingly beautiful Roman antiquities, and another, set in a lovely garden, of Moroccan handicrafts—carpets, rifles, musical instruments—from the days when art was required of artisans. But the country's biggest museum is the city of Fez, or rather that section of it known as Fes el-Bali, or Old Fez, founded in the ninth century. (Fes el-Jedid, New Fez, came along in the thirteenth century.) Fes el-Bali, nestling in a bowl, brown and beige, and at twilight subtly gold and pink, is a warren of streets wide as hallways and pitched like ramps, and filled with more donkeys than you ever thought existed. The Fasi preside over stores sometimes no bigger than cupboards, tending here and there the same machines—foot-turned lathes—that warped the spines of their ancestors. Most of what they sell, though, is junk, not craft, and none

of it pays its way; tax breaks and UNESCO subsidies keep Fes el-Bali running. Every so often there is a jewel: a mosque, which Westerners may not enter, or an old religious school, which they may. Enjoined by Scripture from depicting men or animals, the builders of the schools covered them with abstract art ahead of its time: tiles that pulse, script that weaves. It is hypnotic, and a little punishing.

The prize bloom of Moroccan art, however, is two hundred miles south, in the tombs of the Saadian sultans in Marrakech. Here, in a space no larger than a backyard, sultans, wives, concubines, and servants sleep under above-ground monuments scaled precisely to their degree of importance. Hedges of rosemary take the place of painted nature; diffused light softens the abstract obsessions.

Marrakech is also the most convenient place to see the folk culture that retained vigor when the high culture ossified. When we think of belly-dancing, we imagine Oriental bumps and grinds, and you can get that in the boring and awful seaside resorts like Agadir. But the best belly-dancers in the country come to places like the Marrakech Casino and the Hotel Mamounia, and their acts are worth catching.

IF YOU miss the professionals all you have to do is go to the Jemaa el-Fna, Marrakech's main square and all-year walk-in circus. The center of the irregular open space is filled with booths, offering stuff you wouldn't put in a garage sale. The real action is on the fringes, starting every evening at five o'clock. Monkeys play dead and shake hands on command from their teachers. Black dancers play clappers like immense spoons and keep the tassels of their white fezzes whirling. Acrobats do flips over the asphalt. Water sellers with red hats and coin-covered leather pouches make their living by posing for pictures, and even occasionally sell water, which if you want to die painfully you might try. Snake charmers tease four-foot cobras, boxers take on all comers, preachers harangue. Of course it is a tourist attraction, but so it has been for hundreds of years. That is what it is for, to bemuse and coax out the stray dirham. If you can't stand racket and chaos, go to the Cotswolds. If you want, just for once, to take a look at the end of the line, come here.

Even the touts are shakable. □



The GIMLET EYE

FICTION AS NEWS

D. KEITH MANO

The NEA Literature Program, in cooperation with PEN, began last June to implement a Syndicated Fiction Project. The venture is both innovative and remarkably well thought out. The project will make short fiction available each month to certain newspapers around America. Journalism and imaginative literature have not been so intimately related in a long time—at least not since Janet Cooke gave up writing for the Washington Post. It seems to be a particularly happy (and rare) conjunction between federal cash and artistic need. Karen Kennerly, executive director of PEN, has been involved with this project almost from day one.

NR: Do you feel, as the old formula goes, that the short story died when railroads ceased to be the major means of transportation? When people started to drive? There was no longer that nice controlled bit of time, between station and station, where someone could read a short piece of fiction.

KK: It's an interesting question. We all know, too, that ever since Joyce literature has gone into the academy to a certain extent and that a readership was considered a necessary evil, sort of. One would have to say that fiction in America died out in newspapers after World War II. Yet in countries like Germany, Japan, and France it's still a time-honored tradition for newspapers to publish fiction.

NR: I think, partly, the change in newspaper style has had an effect. From, say, the Grantland Rice type of sports reporting, which was flowerier and had more "fictional" locutions. In the Twenties and Thirties it wasn't such a shock to go from the news item to the fiction story because a certain amount of style was shared.

KK: Then magazines—*Saturday Evening Post* or *Colliers*—took the short story away from newspapers because they were paying so much more. But those magazines died. And the service, gossip, snappy-short-bit magazine that followed couldn't risk losing attention with a slow, more reflective page. Ironically, now, newspapers might be the best place to resuscitate the short story. The newspaper, in some sense, tries to answer all moods of the reader—serious

news, comic strip, fashion, crossword puzzle. And all of these items take between five and 15 minutes—in fact, the length of a short story.

NR: As I understand it, this program originated with the National Endowment for the Arts.

KK: They came to us originally to establish a cooperative agreement, which is a fairly unusual process for the NEA. It is officially described as the PEN Syndicated Fiction Project in Cooperation with the NEA.

NR: An acronym from that would sound like someone choking on a bone. Give me a short history of the project.

KK: The original idea came from Joe Slate, who is a professor at Kenyon College. He had the idea back in 1973. The NEA, in principle, liked the concept, but didn't know how they could implement it. The next stage came in 1982 when Mary MacArthur [associate director of the NEA literature program under Frank Conroy] devised the scheme so that it could work. She deserves a great deal of credit.

NR: What is your total funding and where does it come from?

KK: It's \$120,000, and 85 per cent of it goes directly to writers—those who win the competition and those who are judges. At the moment we're solely supported by the NEA, which again is very unusual. They usually require a 50 per cent match. But this is a PEN project in cooperation with the NEA. The NEA will be supporting it—I'd say 80 per cent—for the second year.

NR: PEN started sending stories to newspapers in June of 1983. How many papers are involved?

KK: Ten. We couldn't afford more. Because every time a story is run—well, that's \$50 more to the author. Each newspaper is given the same eight stories a month. We selected a total of 104 stories, enough for 13 months—and each writer received \$500 if his story was chosen. Of the eight per month, the papers are obligated by contract to publish at least two—and up to four. So if your story is selected and then published by all ten papers, you get a total of \$1,000 for the one story.

NR: Whom is the contest open to? And who does the choosing?

KK: Eventually we'd like to open the competition but at the moment only NEA winners and PEN members are eligible. The judges [Kurt Vonnegut, Ann Beattie, Russell Baker, and Robert Stone] are impressive. The only criteria for the selection of a story are literary quality and suitability for the general newspaper audience.

SINCE I AM WITHOUT SIN
I WILL CAST THE FIRST STONE!



WILLY

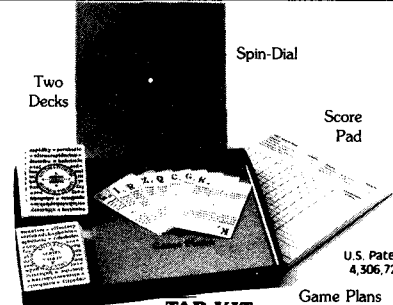
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NR: How did you choose the participating newspapers?

KK: The geographic spread was very important to us—24 papers applied and we made our selection partly on that basis. Also the average circulation is much higher than we expected: it's over 500,000. Papers as different as the *Arizona Republic*, the *Miami Herald*, and the *Chicago Tribune*. All except *Newsday* are running their stories in Sunday magazines.

NR: It's early yet, I know. But what has been the initial reaction?

KK: In the beginning it was clear they wanted stories that had a beginning, a middle, and an end. But now they're starting to take more risks. One non-narrative, non-conventional story, "The Hermit's Journal" by Jack Driscoll, ran in seven papers, which is nearly hitting the jackpot. A few papers find that some of the stories are too East Coast. One thought there were too many adolescent stories. And I think we'll have more reaction to language than to style or form. Some more conservative audiences, for instance, were upset by the use of the phrase "whacked-off" in one story. We do try to maintain a PG rating.

NR: What are your ultimate goals?

KK: As far as PEN is concerned: to encourage, to persuade the reader who does not buy books that good fiction is fun to read. The writer is simply not going to exist—however many fellowships we create, however many foundations we can convince to support the writer—he will not exist if the reader isn't there.

NR: I couldn't have said it better myself. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

YESTERDAY'S ENEMY, by William Haggard (Walker, 204 pp., \$2.95, paper). "Had he swung right round without even suspecting it, did he now think of orthodox disciplined Communism as the savior of a decadent Europe? No, not quite that, it was much more negative. . . . The disease of a degenerate nation was something called egalitarian socialism. Which hard-line Communism destroyed at sight. Russell, at the lowest, mistrusted it." Not the kind of digression you expect to run across in a two-hundred-page spy thriller? Then meet Colonel Charles Russell, the old-fashioned hero of some two dozen superb books by William Haggard, a retired British civil servant who took up writing in 1958 (at the age of 51) and who has since produced the most elegant and durable series of political suspense novels currently in existence. Lately the head of a shadowy CIA-type

operation called the Security Executive, the aristocratic, worldly Colonel Russell now lives in uneasy retirement, judging the actions of his floundering successors by the ruthless standards of Realpolitik, viewing the world with the steady eye of a man of the Right, and occasionally finding himself swept back into the life of action by circumstances beyond his control. Mr. Haggard chronicles the periodic adventures of this marvelous senior citizen in a lean prose style that fairly bristles with outraged intelligence—his books read like a cross between John Buchan and Malcolm Muggeridge—and one can only assume that it is his shameless, unfashionable elitism which has kept Colonel Russell from becoming the James Bond of the egghead set. William Haggard's books, sad to say, have been poorly distributed in this country for over two decades; but Walker and Company, Mr. Haggard's American publishers, have now put Colonel Russell in paperback at last. Their first title, *Yesterday's Enemy*, is a chilly tale of attempted nuclear skulduggery that dates from 1976. Though not one of Mr. Haggard's very best books, it still serves as a more than adequate reminder that no one since Somerset Maugham has written about the spy trade with anything like William Haggard's blend of realism and urbanity.

TERRY TEACHOUT

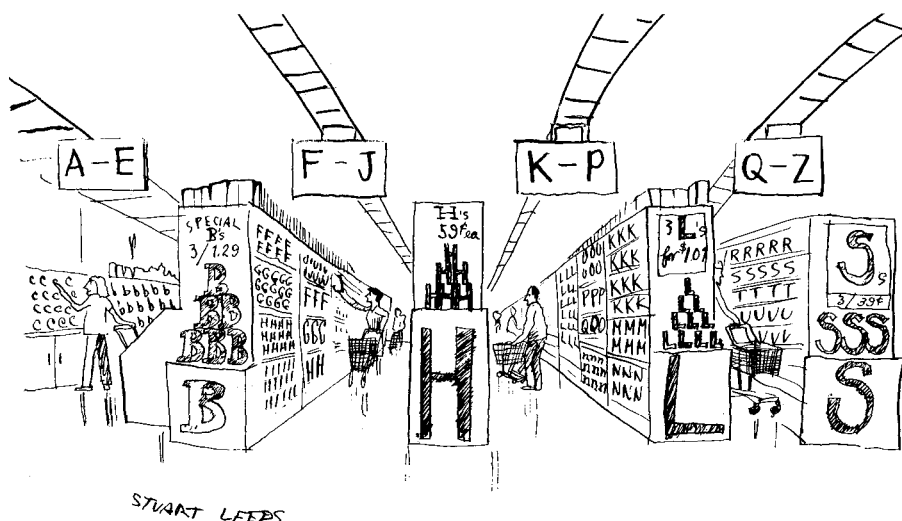
THE TRUTH ABOUT SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS, by Michael K. Evans (Basic, 274 pp., \$17.95). Michael Evans, founder and president of Chase Econometrics, may be a little chagrined to see his book on the shelves. You see, *The Truth about Supply-Side Economics* sets out to show "where the Reagan program went wrong." Yet inflation statistics, the Dow Jones average, housing starts, automobile sales, and even unemployment figures suggest that Evans's book may be ill-advised. Not that Evans is against President Reagan; he's for him. But in the neo-conservative tradition Evans is attempting an elegy to a good thing, a brilliant and moving analysis of why a gallant effort

failed, when it is not at all evident that it has failed. Perhaps one can rescue Evans's book by pointing to its sophisticated treatment of theories like the Phillips Curve and theoreticians like Robert Mundell and Jean Baptiste Say. Here Evans is luminous, although he submits to temptation and takes a few fashionable swipes at Arthur Laffer. It is to Evans's credit that he is wary, even as he scurries to be the first Jeremiah of supply-side economics. "It is clear that something went wrong," he begins this book, but by the end we learn that he thinks we should stick with supply-side theories, that their effect is painful but medicinal, and that Reagan's real failure was to promise a miracle cure with what turned out to be a gradual antidote.

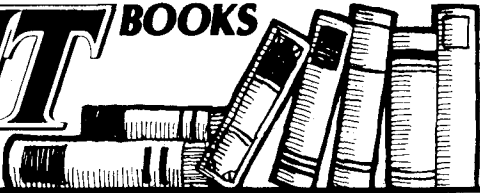
DINESH D'SOUZA

HOW TO TALK BASEBALL, by Mike Whiteford, illustrated by Taylor Jones (Dembner Books, 144 pp., \$6.95). Okay, what are we talkin'? Talkin' baseball. Talkin' Red Barber's rhubarbs, Bill Lee's gerbils, sizzlers down to the Hoover in the hot corner. Talkin' taters, hump-back liners, screaming meemies. Talkin' eephuses, heaters, chin music, the radio ball. Talkin' bees in the bat, bugs on the rug, cans of corn, basket catches. Talkin' ducks on the pond, one in the wheelhouse, downtown, park it, kiss it good-bye, it's all over. And so yet another book for the baseball season, featuring a lexicon of terms, a pantheon of "12 men who have enriched baseball's lore and language"—including Casey Stengel, Red Smith, the *Washington Post's* Shirley Povich, Dizzy Dean, Red Barber, and Charlie Dressen—and some excellent pen-and-ink illustrations by Taylor Jones in a style owing something to David Levine. All this for less than the price of a couple of box seats and a doubleheader's worth of beer and doggies. Make no mistake: It's not the best baseball book to come out in the last few years. It's not Ted Williams hitting one out of Fenway. But then again, what the hell is?

JOE MYSAK



THE **RIGHT** BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

BRUCE BARTLETT and Timothy P. Roth have edited a volume, *The Supply-Side Solution* (Chatham House, Box One, Chatham, N.J. 07928; \$12.95), that tries "to give the reader not only a general understanding of what supply-side economics is all about but an introduction to some of the technical issues and current research on the subject as well." Its 16 articles, by as many economists, accomplish the task admirably, conveying in the process the impression that supply-side theory, like whisky, improves with age. Arthur Laffer's cocktail napkin and the Kemp-Roth bill were pretty raw stuff; the ideas behind them have not been abandoned, but they have been tempered somewhat by a welcome skepticism. If one can judge by this volume, supply-siders are no longer promising—or anyway hinting—that the cornucopic society is around the corner for the taking.

At the risk of imputing my own opinions to these 16 economists, I summarize my understanding of their work by saying that the consensus appears today to be that supply-side theory is less a prescription for rebuilding the U.S. economy than it is a description of a productive economy in the very pink of condition. Supply-side economics is always set up against Keynesian economics as if the two were genuine alternatives to each other, and yet it seems evident today that Keynesianism is not economics at all, but a political substitute for economics.

If that is so, the situation is not that of *The Economy v. The Economists* but of *The Economy v. The Politicians*. And since an economy in perfect health exists only in some computer simulation, it follows that it is less bad economics than the intractability of existence that produces flawed economies. Bartlett and Roth, heaping strictures upon Keynes in their introduction, come close, it seems to me, to endorsing this position; in the articles that follow, this philosophical sharp point has been dulled to an academic neutrality. In other words, a number of the contributors subscribe to the idea that there is a "demand side"

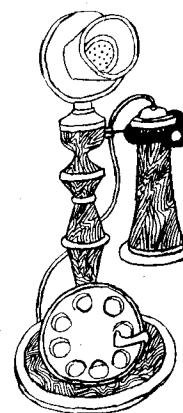
as well as a "supply side," and that it should be the job of our political-economic regulators to minister to each as the need arises. Of course, supply is complemented by demand: But again, the observation is perhaps more useful as description than prescription. The point seems to be that attempting to fine-tune, as they say, the economy from the supply side seems to be an activity less precarious than tinkering with it from the opposite side.

However, I have said that the burden of *The Supply-Side Solution* is that supply-siders are no longer so quick to rush in where angels fear to tread; the concluding essay, by Aris Protopapadakis—a research officer and economist at the Federal Reserve Bank in Philadelphia—is a case in point. To the question, "Supply-Side Economics: What Chance for Success?" his answer is guardedly optimistic. It is doubtful, he says, that tax reductions will ever pay for themselves; however, "the resulting deficits are unlikely to be as disastrous as some opponents of supply-siders predict." Of crucial importance, he believes, is that tax-cut policies not be perceived, either by private individuals or by corporations, to be transitory. If they are, it would be foolish to expect the former to change their habits of savings and consumption, or the latter to undertake major capital investments.

HERE AGAIN we find the fearful face of Politics, i.e., the Real World, peering in: Who can assure Joe Blow or Exxon that Walter Mondale will not be elected President in 1984? Also, there is a marked skepticism among the contributors that supply-side economics can do much to solve the deficit problem. However, where there's the nerve perhaps there's a way. Mine is for the Federal Government to repudiate the national debt. A little rough on the bond-holders, of course; nevertheless many men have given their lives for their country, so why not others their bankbooks? And with a credit rating like that, Washington would never—repeat never—find its way into the hole again. □

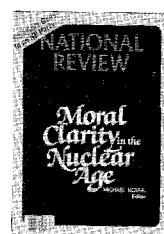
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Wall Street Journal analyst Albert Hunt, observing Mondale at work, comments he won't be surprised if Mondale "soon endorses government subsidized kosher lunches for gay lefthanded unemployed school-teachers." [Actual title: *Final Mondale Note*]

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On Being One's Brothers' Keeper

On The Right

New York, Oct. 12—It is charted more exactly than the next eclipse of the sun that in Europe, most especially in West Germany, a great hailstorm of pacifism will hit, seeking to shatter the scaffolding of Western resistance to the Communist juggernaut. The special vulnerability of West Germany is the proper object of our attention because, after all, it is our front line. The whole NATO alliance, which is about the defense of Europe, accepts the proposition that unless West Germany can be defended, the jig is up.

American liberals used to trumpet the critical role of European Social Democrats as the backbone of anti-Communism, on the grounds that they above all knew the dangers of totalitarianism. Well, tell it to Willy Brandt. He has become the Neville Chamberlain of West Germany, leading the drive to postpone—which means to cancel indefinitely—the deployment of our Pershing and cruise missiles, scheduled for December of this year. Notwithstanding that it was Helmut Schmidt who in 1979 first called on the United States to supply countervailing missiles to face the Soviet SS-20s, his Social Democratic Party—having lost the critical election in March to Helmut Kohl, who endorses deployment unless a disarmament deal is meanwhile struck in Geneva—continues to move toward appeasement. And now, as the drive to capitulate strengthens, Willy Brandt has released a poll which he asserts shows that 66 per cent of the German people oppose deployment even if the Soviet Union and the United States fail to make a deal.

AND THIS drive against deployment in West Germany has become by no means a purely German question. This is not hard to understand from the point of view of Germany's allies. It is obviously of vital interest to America, let alone France, whether, if we have pledged to defend West Germany, we are to have the resources to do so. But for Russia to get into the act is on the order of rats lobbying against rat poison. And, I kid you not, last week the German people heard from Andropov himself.

Now this does not entirely surprise, because the Soviet Union is always counseling other countries on what to do (give up). But the structure of Comrade Andro-

pov's appeal has got to capture, for all time, the International Chutzpah Award. Andropov wrote a letter to Social Democratic legislators in which he cited a German poll to the effect that 72 per cent of the West German people are opposed to the new missiles. I would like to see the Social Democrats write a letter to Andropov saying that 100 per cent of the Russian people are against the SS-20s, against Gulag, against economic scarcity, and against Andropov—and challenge him to contest that figure after a free exchange in the Soviet Union. Yes, and we would like to see a dream walking.

Mr. James Markham, in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, nicely straightens out the public-opinion-poll business. "If there is no agreement at the end of October in Geneva—and the Soviet Union continues to keep its SS-20 missiles aimed at Europe—should the Pershing II missiles be deployed in the Federal Republic, in keeping with NATO's two-track decision, or should they not be deployed?" Put this way, the poll found only 40 per cent against deployment, 37 per cent in favor. Better, but not good enough. A second formulation was more satisfying. The respondents were given the hypothetical choice between accepting deployment and leaving NATO. Under those conditions, 46 per cent favored accepting the missiles, 22 per cent favored leaving the alliance.

But don't discount the masochists in West Germany. We are, after all, dealing with a country many of whose voters welcomed Adolf Hitler, and we must suppose that genetic peculiarities passed along from the older to the newer generation.

Listen to the kind of thing being scheduled. The Artists for Peace, a prominent German movement, lists the following activities for this month: "October 15—action day in all villages and small towns; October 16 (Sunday)—action day in all the churches; October 17—women's resistance day; October 18—a day of antimilitarism and internal resistance; October 19—peace demonstrations by workers and peasants; October 20—strikes and demonstrations in schools and universities; October 21—demonstrations by students in collaboration with political parties in front of the Bonn parliament; October 22—three mass demonstrations."

One wishes that on October 23, the

unilateralists could schedule six months' life under Soviet rule for all Germans opposed to deployment.

The hardest psychological cross the West has to bear is that, in order to save our own freedom, we need also to save that of those who imperil this task. But so it is. We are our brothers' keeper, but our brothers can certainly make it tough. □

THE CONTINENTAL CRISIS

New York, Oct. 5
—What is going on right now with Continental Air-

lines is arguably the most important symbolic economic struggle of the decade. Its implications are correctly conceived both by organized labor and by management as a major junction. Which way is the United States going to go? The first alternative is: competition, economic progress, and internationalism. And, at the other end, autarky, isolationism, and stagnation.

Since deregulation, the airlines have lost approximately \$5 billion. During the first six months of this year, Continental Airlines took in \$586 million in revenues but spent \$84 million more than that in maintaining its operations. The average profitable corporation in America, which means the corporation that stays in business, makes 6 per cent profit on its gross revenues. In the case of Continental, the actual loss, added to the hypothetical gain, would suggest that it is running at a loss of about \$240 million per year.

So what does management do? It seeks to trim back, and to reduce overhead. But an appeal to the pilots' union and to the union of flight attendants fails. What then? Well what would you do? The shareholders are not going to give Continental \$240 million per year for Christmas, so you face, really, two alternatives. Either you go bankrupt and get out of the airline business. Or you go bankrupt and don't get out of the airline business. This is the alternative offered under the bankruptcy laws, and it goes by the name of Chapter 11. What this does is to relieve the afflicted company of any obligation to pay its creditors, but all revenues are then subject to court inspection. No money, needless to say, can be paid out to shareholders while the company is in Chapter 11.

So Continental took this route, laid off its entire staff, and then started rehiring on the basis of what it reasoned it could afford if it were once again airborne, in both senses of that word. It dismissed 12,000 employees under the old union compensation rate, then rehired 4,200 at a new, and much lower, rate. It reduced from 78 to 25 the number of cities served, in an effort to increase its load factor (it had been 57.7 per cent, while break-even stood at 59.6 per cent), and reduced from 109 to 46 the number of operating aircraft.

The response of the union has been to call this "union busting." It does not much matter what one calls it. Why not call it witch hunting? Or call it Communism? Or Nazism? Or Ku Klux Klanism? Because the management of Continental had to do something, and the only alternative was to close down the airline. It is difficult to see how this would have served the interests of the 4,200 people it now employs.

The big labor unions, which are a vested interest, will go now to Congress, then to the courts. To the courts they will charge that Continental has engaged in union busting, and to that end has abused the bankruptcy laws. If the courts agree with the unions, they will presumably have to come up with another option Continental had that would have permitted it to continue to lose \$240 million per year. From Congress—to which the unions seek to appeal by staging a dramatic one- or two-day strike—the unions will be asking for what? The reversal of deregulation? Try it. To practice, start by reversing Niagara Falls.

What, then? Walter Mondale and Tip O'Neill might come up with an Airline Relief Act to subsidize failing airlines. But you see, they would have a problem here because airline passengers are more numerous than airline pilots and flight attendants, and the former would not easily be persuaded to subsidize the latter to wage scales much higher than their own. Three per cent of the American population make more than \$50,000 per year. Airline pilots make \$80,000.

Notice that Continental is still flying. There has been less than union solidarity here because common sense is at work, and, as the air controllers discovered a while back, it is better to take a 25 per cent reduction in wages than to take a 100 per cent reduction in wages. And these are the alternatives. They will be faced in the seasons to come by U.S. Steel, by the car manufacturers, and by other smokestack industries. And the last chapter will tell us whether the U.S. economy will continue to be dynamic in character, or whether it will surrender once and for all to the coils of politics and bureaucracy. □

LOOKING BACK ON WATT

New York, Sept. 30— It is worth exploring what James Watt said, because it is progressively obvious that what is most interesting about the episode is not the words he used, but rather the response he provoked. The most remarkable phenomenon of the week that broke over James Watt is that nobody in America has come up with a single piece of evidence in the long and rather boisterous career of James G. Watt that he is anti-black, anti-woman, anti-Semitic, or anti-handicapped. He is most certainly guilty of rhetorical clumsiness. But it is odd that this frailty, considered so endearing in some politicians (Harry Truman, for example), is unforgivable in others.

Here, I'd guess, is how a semanticist in the twenty-first century, looking back on the verbal protocols of the twentieth century, would probably view Watt's statement, "We have every kind of mix you can have. We have a black, we have a woman, two Jews, and a cripple." The semanticist might abbreviate his findings as follows:

"In America, late in the nineteenth century as the great migrations from Ireland and Italy took place and the franchise enlarged, it became useful to men running for public office to associate with running-mates with pull in the large ethnic voting blocs. The politicians called this a 'balanced ticket.' No public objection to a balanced ticket was made on the grounds that reaching out for an Italian or an Irish Catholic might, in certain circumstances, be inappropriate—if, say, a scarcity of qualified candidates with such backgrounds were the case. In the twentieth century, particularly in the large municipal centers, it became progressively more important to have Jewish and black political associates.

"Late in the century, homosexuals and handicapped put in a claim for direct representation, so that a fully balanced ticket in a major cosmopolitan center, to the extent the size of the ticket made this possible, would include Americans of Italian, Irish, Jewish, and black ancestry, a homo-

sexual, and a handicapped. Now whereas, for a period, the appearance of candidates of diverse ethnic background, sexual preference, and biological health was never a political option, it gradually became a political obligation. They called this 'affirmative action.' But a part of the protocols of affirmative action was not to mention that affirmative action was what was going on, so that, for instance, by the late 1980s, whereas a black would be considered indispensable to a well-rounded ticket in a major city, it became socially impermissible to mention the fact.

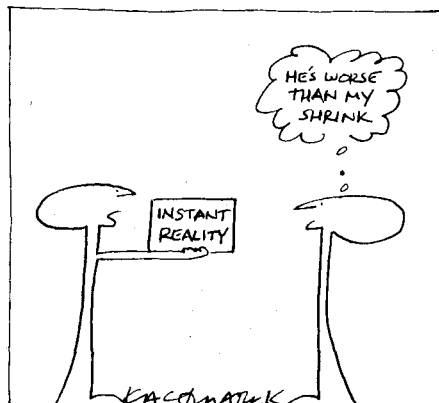
"During the Administration of Ronald Reagan (1981-1989) a Secretary of the Interior, James Watt, got into trouble for using a phrase in which he acknowledged that an advisory body set up by him included 'a black, a woman, two Jews, and a cripple.' Calm observers of the little tempest discerned that the only difficulty Mr. Watt could have had greater than the one he did would have been the result of his failure to include in his advisory council a black, a woman, two Jews, and a cripple. There was consensus, to be sure, that although affirmative action requires the presence of representatives of important minority groups, the way in which a politician referred to them was preferably circumlocutory. There was at the time no social objection to calling women 'women,' blacks 'blacks,' or Jews 'Jews,' but cripples preferred to be called 'handicapped.' Mr. Watt's career as Interior Secretary was terminated soon after he made his comment, although it was judged by reflective observers that stands he had taken on public policy unrelated to minority groups were the principal source of his political insecurity."

Anything inaccurate in the twenty-first-century description of what happened?

SO WATT should not have said it, because it grates on the ear to hear the truth in plain language. But what does it do to the ear to hear such things as were spoken by Senator Lowell Weicker, the noisiest moralist in America since Cotton Mather? He said that what Watt had done was to "articulate the trash of American thought." He said that Watt had given us the "panorama not of error, but of bigotry and hate." My own feeling is that someone who translates Wattese into a "panorama of bigotry and hate" has much deeper emotional and psychological problems than James Watt ever gave evidence of having, but it is of course the responsibility of the moralist to talk in brimstone and hell-fire, that being how he rivets his audience.

Watt was a minor ass to do what he did, but he has given us the benefit of shedding light on a number of truly spectacular asses in American public life. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)



"JUST POP IT IN A 450° OVEN..."

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- A. One of Snow White's companions
B. In advance
C. Quickened
D. What ethnic groups demand on television (2 words)
E. The meridian
F. Zeus gave her a box
G. Different
H. The official leader of a synagogue (variant)
I. Stupidity
J. A characteristic of Nero Wolfe's
K. The penalty for wearing ill-fitting shoes
L. A river in Switzerland
M. A Spanish monarch's daughter
N. To decapitate
O. To complain about the meat course

113 134 122 80 13
135 2 163 106 140
16 32 116 129 91 52 3 137
57 155 5 93 40 29 24 20 154
43 15 35 50
47 157 124 151 97 18 167
60 125 78 95 102
70 126 72 168 64 19
1 30 38 59 99 8 17 25 81
165 144 42 69 55 130 82 36 6
103 101 98 26
139 56 27 53 71
85 112 162 152 61 28 171
119 44 145 58 149 153
4 21 31 46

- P. A game similar to Bingo
Q. Heightened
R. A son of Simon the Cyrenian
S. An Irish-born satirist (1667-1745)
T. A leather or cloth legging
U. An insert
V. Existed
W. A recreation area (2 words)
X. A mechanism guided by automatic controls
Y. Lacking significance
Z. Transitory
a. An organized branch of national defense
b. A French diplomat in the U.S. (1763-1834)
c. A French philologist (1813-1885)

132 117 83 88 146
148 136 89 49 164 65 114 172
169 73 66 156 37
11 96 127 100 74
34 67 84 107 141 161
123 51 10 79 68
48 7 109 166 160
131 76 33 9 104 12 62 147
75 138 39 170 158
108 22 133 128 41
94 45 121 105 86 23 115 118 120
143 92 63
14 110 150 159 77
90 54 87 111 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1358 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 B	3 C		4 O	5 D	6 J	7 V	8 I	9 W	10 U	11 S		12 W	13 A		14 b
15 E	16 C	17 I	18 F	19 H	20 D	21 O	22 Y	23 Z		24 D	25 I		26 K	27 L	28 M	
29 D	30 I	31 O		32 C	33 W	34 T	35 E	36 J	37 R	38 I	39 X	40 D	41 Y		42 J	43 E
44 N		45 Z	46 O		47 F	48 V	49 Q	50 E	51 U	52 C	53 L	54 c		55 J	56 L	57 D
	58 N	59 I	60 G	61 M	62 W	63 a	64 H	65 Q		66 R	67 T	68 U	69 J	70 H	71 L	
72 H	73 R	74 S		75 X	76 W	77 b	78 G	79 U	80 A		81 I	82 J	83 P	84 T	85 M	86 Z
87 c		88 P	89 Q	90 c		91 C	92 a	93 D	94 Z	95 G	96 S	97 F	98 K	99 I		100 S
101 K	102 G		103 K	104 W	105 Z	106 B	107 T	108 Y	109 V	110 b		111 c	112 M	113 A	114 Q	115 Z
116 C	117 P	118 Z		119 N	120 Z		121 Z	122 A	123 U	124 F	125 G	126 H	127 S	128 Y	129 C	130 J
131 W		132 P	133 Y	134 A		135 B	136 Q	137 C		138 X	139 L	140 B	141 T	142 c		143 a
144 J		145 N	146 P	147 W	148 Q		149 N	150 b	151 F		152 M	153 N	154 D	155 D	156 R	157 F
158 X	159 b		160 V	161 T	162 M	163 B	164 Q	165 J	166 V		167 F	168 H	169 R	170 X	171 M	172 Q

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() Please repeat this offer next year.

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Address _____

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Flavor Talks.

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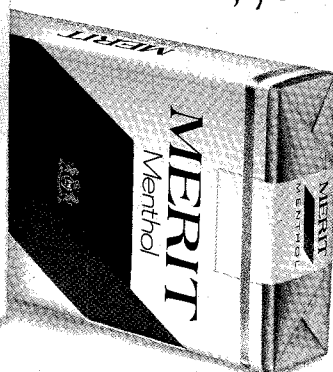
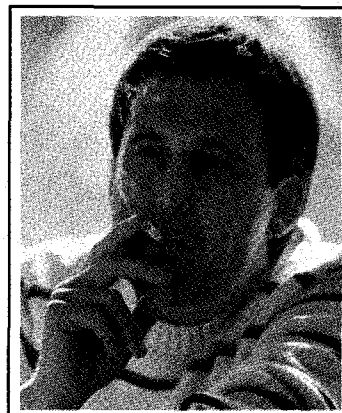
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